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KIPLING IN INDIA.

REMINISCENCES BY THE EDITOR OF THE NEWSPAPER ON WHICH KIPLING SERVED AT LAHORE.

By E. Kay Robinson,

Formerly editor of the "Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore.

ALTHOUGH my official relations with Kipling did not commence till the autumn of 1886, our acquaintance on paper opened almost immediately after my arrival in India in January, 1885. I had written some dog-Latin verses in the "Pioneer" of Allahabad, to which paper I had gone out as assistant editor, and signed them with my initials "K. R.," being unaware that Kipling, who was assistant editor of the "Civil and Military Gazette" of Lahore, was in the habit of sending verses to the "Pioneer," signed "R. K." I was unaware, indeed, of Kipling's existence, until I received a courteous letter from him, saying that he had been undeservedly complimented (!) upon the Latin verses, which, owing to the similarity of our initials, were being attributed to him. I looked up the files of the paper for some of his work, and after reading it appreciated the honor done to my verses in the mistake.

The next incident which brought us into correspondence might also have annoyed a writer without Kipling's modesty and good temper. He had been commissioned to write a Christmas poem for the "Pioneer," and he sent a copy of verses. They were harmonious, but instead of reflecting the traditional spirit of Yule-tide, they satirized the incongruity of Christmas festivity in India, in the midst of an alien, heathen, and poverty-stricken people. The poem was altogether so "unchristmassy" that it would have been rejected had it not passed through my hands in the "Pioneer" office. I wrote a parody of it, verse by verse, taking the same dolorous view of Christmas in London as Kipling had taken of Christmas in India; and, whereas he had suggested that only our brethren in England, with their holly and mistletoe, could really enjoy Christmas, I implied that India, with its blue skies and bright sunshine, was the place where the festive season might actually be worth enjoying. The two poems were published side by side as "Dyspeptic Views of Christmas," signed respectively "R. K." and "K. R." Instead of being irritated by this perversion of the sentiment he had intended seriously, Kipling wrote me a letter of thanks.

Shortly afterwards I obtained a month's leave, and visited, among other places, Lahore, where I made the acquaintance of the Kipling family. A more charming circle it would be hard to find. John Lockwood Kipling, the father, a rare, genial soul, with happy artistic instincts, a polished literary style, and a generous, cynical sense of humor, was, without exception, the most delightful companion I had ever met. Mrs. Kipling, the mother, preserved all the graces of youth, and had

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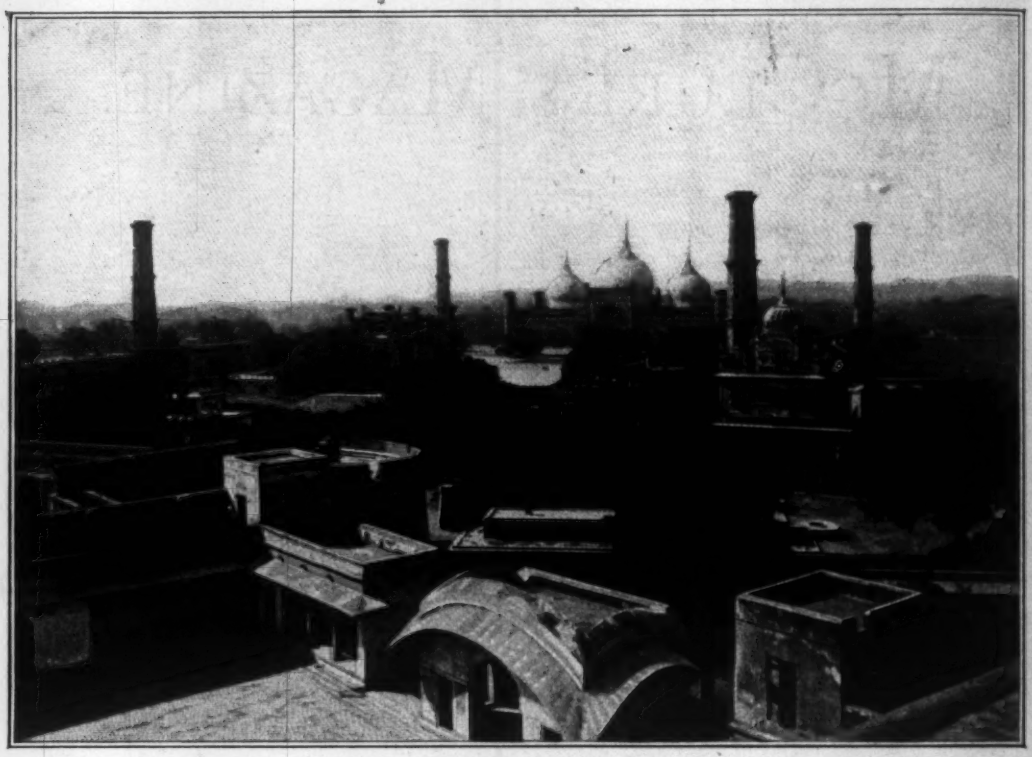


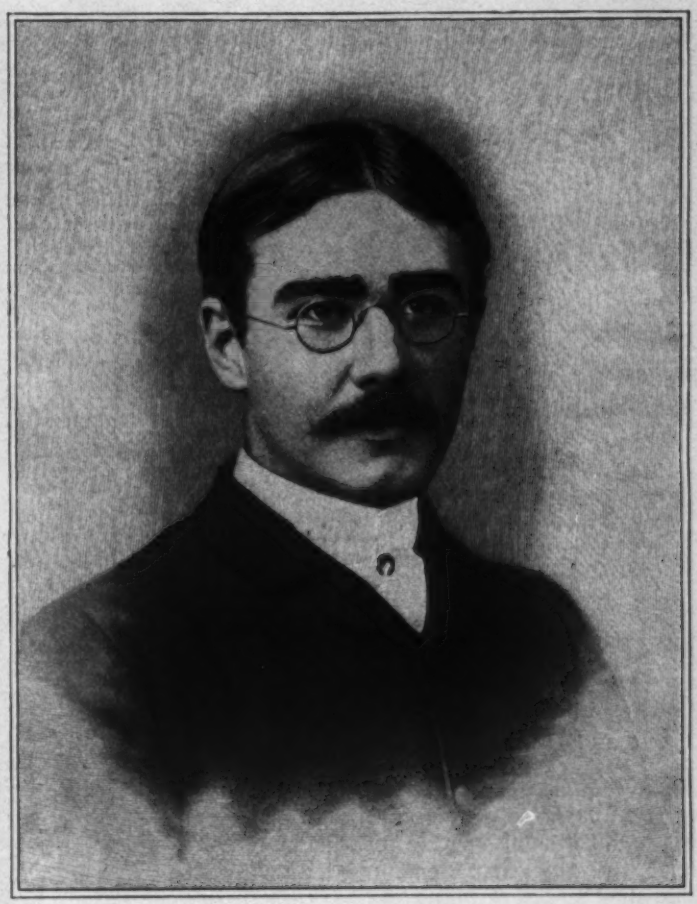
A VIEW OF LAHORE FROM THE PALACE IN THE FORT.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

a sprightly, if occasionally caustic wit, which made her society always desirable. Miss Kipling, the sister, now Mrs. Fleming, inherits all her mother's vivacity and possesses a rare literary memory. I believe that there is not a single line in any play of Shakespeare's which she cannot quote. She has a statuesque beauty, and, in repose her face is marvellously like that of Mary Anderson. With Kipling himself, I was disappointed at first. At the time of which I am writing, early in 1886, his face had not acquired the character of manhood, and contrasted somewhat unpleasantly with his stoop (acquired through much bending over an office table), his heavy eyebrows, his spectacles, and his sallow Anglo-Indian complexion; while his jerky speech and abrupt movements added to the unfavorable impression. But his conversation was brilliant, and his sterling character gleamed through the humorous light which shone behind his spectacles, and in ten minutes he fell into his natural place as the most striking member of a remarkably clever and charming family. It was a domestic quartette. They had combined, by the way, in the previous year, to produce "The Quartette," a Christmas publication of unusual ability; and each of the four had individually attained to almost as much literary fame as can be won in India.

It was inevitable that such a family, placed in such surroundings, should yield an atmosphere of domestic approval warm enough to be liable to encourage eccentric growth in Kipling's budding genius. He was compelled, however, to work daily in a newspaper office, under a man who appreciated his talent very little, and kept him employed on work for the most part utterly uncongenial; and this may have acted as a salutary antidote. Nevertheless, it is almost pathetic to look through the "Civil and Military Gazette" of that time and note where Kipling's bright humor only flashed out in the introductory lines to summaries of government reports, dry semi-political notes, and the side-headings of scissors-and-paste paragraphs. This, however, was the maximum of literary display usually allowed to him; and it seemed such waste of genius that I strongly urged him to go to England, where he would win real fame, and possibly wealth, instead of the few hundred depreciated rupees per month which are the guerdon of Anglo-Indian journalism. To all such suggestions he always returned the

answer that when he *knew* he could do good work, it would be time for him to strive for a place in the English world of letters, and that, in any case, the proprietors of the "Civil and Military Gazette" had taken him on trust, a boy fresh from school, and he would serve them loyally, like Jacob in the Bible, for his full seven years. Whether he gained or lost thereby in the long run I do not know; but that I personally gained

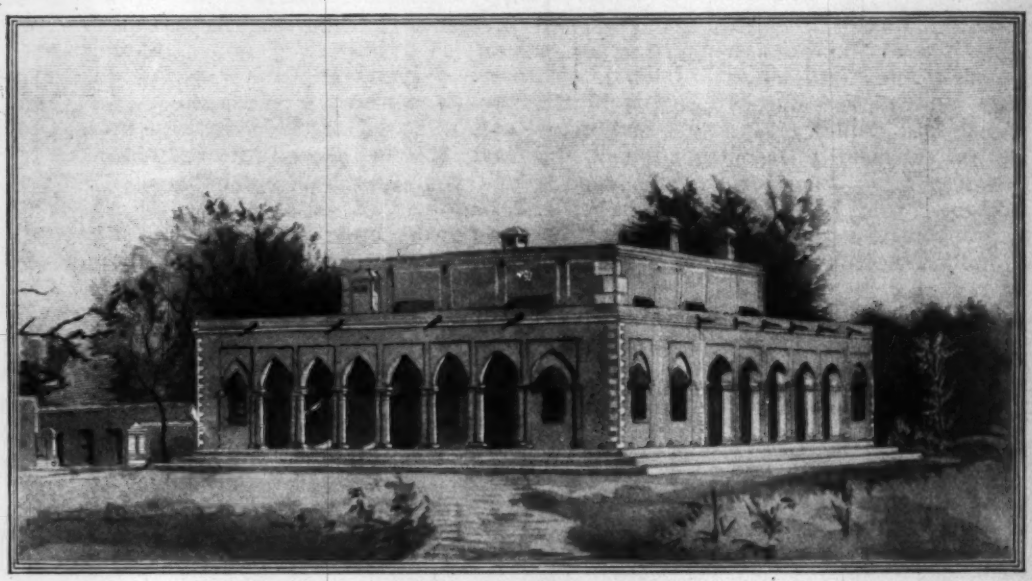


RUDYARD KIPLING AT ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

From an unpublished photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, Simla. Owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's father.

is certain, for to Kipling's refusal to leave India was due the fact that when I subsequently arrived at Lahore to take over the editorship of the "Civil and Military Gazette" I found him still there as assistant.

I also found a letter awaiting me from the chief proprietor, in which he expressed the hope that I would be able to "put some sparkle into the paper." When the staff of a journal consists of two men only, one of whom is Kipling, such an exhortation addressed to the other doubtless seems curious. But, as I have said above, Kipling had been discouraged from "sparkling." My predecessor in the editorship of the "Civil and Military Gazette" had done his best to make a sound second-rate journalist out of the youngster by keeping his nose at the grindstone of proof-reading, scissors-and-paste work, and the boiling down of government Blue Books into summaries for publication. But Kipling had the buoyancy of a cork, and, after his long office work, had still found spare energy to write those charming sketches and poems which in "Soldiers Three" and the "Departmental Ditties" gave him such fame as can be won in the narrow world of Anglo-India. The privilege which he most valued at this time was the permission to send such things as his editor refused for the "Civil and Military Gazette" to other papers for publica-



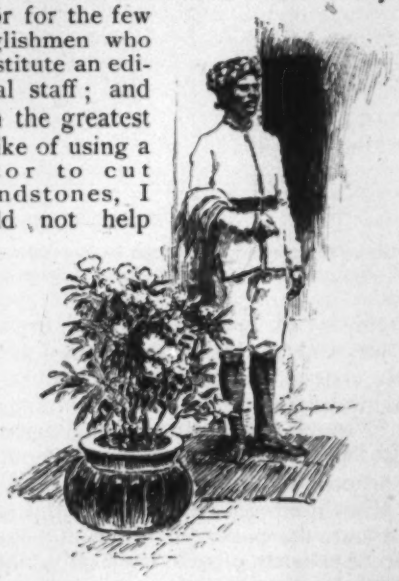
THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE KIPLINGS AT LAHORE.

From a drawing by Baga Ram. Owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling.

tion. These papers used to publish and pay for them gladly, and the compliments and encouragement with which more sympathetic critics treated his work, partly consoled him for the efforts made in his own office to curtail his exuberant literature.

Whatever may have been the reason for the repression to which Kipling had been subjected before my arrival at Lahore, the fact explains why I, instead of he, should have been asked to put some "sparkle" into the paper. I read the letter to him, and we agreed that champagne had more of the desired quality than anything else we could think of; and as the "Sind and Punjab Hotel" happened to be opposite our office, I sent over for a bottle, and we inaugurated our first day's work together by drinking to the successful sparkle of "the rag" under its new management. Among many cherished scraps of paper lost in a despatch box which was stolen from me in Italy, that land of thieves, on my way back from India, was a drawing in red ink, perpetrated partly by Kipling and partly by myself, of this initiatory symposium. I knew that Kipling was predestined to fame, and I kept this sketch as the first result of our collaboration. It represented our two selves seated at the office table, with champagne bottle and glasses, and was headed "Putting Some Sparkle Into It." There were several fox-terriers (of sorts) in the picture—Kipling's "Vic," "Joe," my property, and "Buz," a delightful performing terrier, belonging to somebody else, that had attached itself to us and our dogs, and used to come to office every morning, after gnawing through the rope with which its master's dog-keeper endeavored to prevent its straying. Kipling was absurdly devoted to "Vic," and she appears and reappears, often under her own name, in many of his stories. She was a dog with many human points, and an entertaining companion. Her breed too was reputed excellent, but she looked wonderfully like a nice clean suckling pig.

Journalism in India is uncommonly hard labor for the few Englishmen who constitute an editorial staff; and with the greatest dislike of using a razor to cut grindstones, I could not help



AN INDIAN FOOTMAN.

burdening Kipling with a good deal of daily drudgery. My experience of him as a newspaper hack suggests, however, that if you want to find a man who will cheerfully do the office work of three men, you should catch a young genius. Like a blood horse between the shafts of a coal wagon, he may go near to bursting his heart in the effort, but he'll drag that wagon along as it ought to go. The amount of "stuff" that Kipling got through in the day was indeed wonderful; and though I had more or less satisfactory assistants after he left, and the staff grew with the paper's prosperity, I am sure that more solid work was done in that office when Kipling and I worked together than ever before or after.

A ROOM IN THE KIPLING HOUSE AT LAHORE.

From a photograph owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling.

There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work which I really must mention; namely, the amount of ink he used to throw about. In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the ink-pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly. When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning I had to shout to him to "stand off;" otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make, and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a *full* pen in his hand—flying over me. Driving or sometimes walking home to breakfast in his light attire plentifully besprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous, mushroom-shaped pith hat, Kipling was a quaint-looking object. This was in the hot weather, when Lahore lay blistering month after month under the sun, and every white woman and half of the white men had fled to cooler altitudes in the Himalayas, and only those men were left who, like Kipling and myself, *had* to stay. So it mattered little in what costume we went to and from the office. In the winter, when "society" had returned to Lahore, Kipling was rather scrupulous in the matter of dress, but his lavishness in the matter of ink changed not with the seasons.

He was always the best of good company, bubbling over with delightful humor, which found vent in every detail of our day's work together; and the chance visitor to the editor's office must often have carried away very erroneous notions of the amount of

work which was being done when he found us in the fits of laughter that usually accompanied our consultations about the make-up of the paper. This is my chief recollection of Kipling as assistant and companion. And I would place sensitiveness as his second characteristic. Although a master of repartee, for instance, he dreaded dining at the club, where there was one resident member who disliked him and was always endeavoring to snub him. Kipling's retorts invariably turned the tables on his assailant and set us all in a roar; and, beside this, Kipling was popular in the club, while the other was not. Under such circumstances, an ordinary man would have courted the combat and enjoyed provoking his clumsy opponent. But the man's animosity hurt Kipling, and I knew that he often, to avoid the ordeal, dined in solitude at home when he would infinitely have preferred dining with me at the club.

For a mind thus highly strung the plains of India in the hot weather make a bad abiding-place; and many of Kipling's occasional verses and passages in the Indian stories tell us how deep he drank at times of the bitterness of the dry cup that rises to the lips of the Englishman in India in the scorching heat of the sleepless Indian night. In the dregs of that cup lies madness; and the keener the intellect, and the more tense the sensibilities, the greater the danger. I suffered little in the hot weather, day or night; and yet Kipling, who suffered much at times, willingly went through trials in pursuit of his art which nothing would have induced me to undergo. His "City of Dreadful Night" was no fancy sketch, but a picture burned into his brain during the suffocating night-hours that he spent exploring the reeking dens of opium and vice in the worst quarters of the native city of Lahore; while his "City of Two Creeds" was another picture of Lahore from the life—and the death—when he watched Mussulman and Hindu spending the midnight hours in mutual butchery.

While possessing a marvellous faculty for assimilating local color without apparent effort, Kipling neglected no chance and spared no labor in acquiring experience that might serve a literary purpose. Of the various races of India, whom the ordinary Englishman lumps together as "natives," Kipling knew the quaintest details respecting habits, language, and distinctive ways of thought. I remember well one long-limbed Pathan, indescribably filthy, but with magnificent mien and features—Mahbub Ali, I think, was his name—who regarded Kipling as a man apart from all other "Sahibs." After each of his wanderings across the unexplored fringes of Afghanistan, where his restless spirit of adventure led him, Mahbub Ali always used to turn up travel-stained, dirtier and more majestic than ever, for confidential colloquy with "Kuppeleen Sahib," his "friend;" and I more than fancy that to Mahbub Ali, Kipling owed the wonderful local color which he was able to put into the story of "The Man who Would be King."

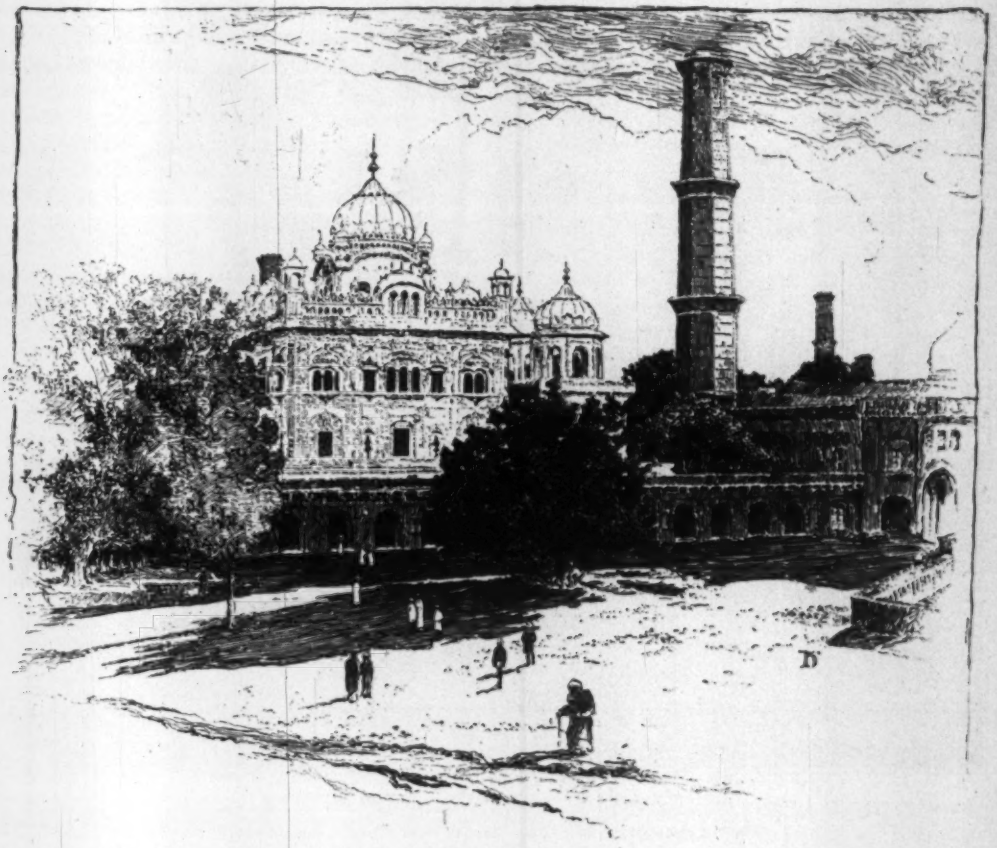
And Mahbub Ali, peace to his ashes, was only one link in the strange chain of associations that Kipling riveted round himself in India. No half-note in the wide gamut of native ideas and custom was unfamiliar to him: just as he had left no phase of white life in India unexplored. He knew the undercurrent of the soldiers' thoughts, in the whitewashed barracks on the sunburnt plain of Mian Mir, better than sergeant or chaplain. No father confessor penetrated more deeply into the thoughts of fair but frail humanity than Kipling, when the frivolous society of Anglo-India formed the object of his inquiries. The "railway folk," that queer colony of white, half white and three-quarters black, which remains an uncared-for and discreditable excrescence upon British rule in India, seemed to have unburdened their souls to Kipling of all their grievances, their poor pride, and their hopes. Some of the best of Kipling's work is drawn from the lives of these people; although to the ordinary Anglo-Indian, whose social caste restrictions are almost more inexorable than those of the Hindu whom he affects to despise on that account, they are as a sealed book. Sometimes, taking a higher flight, Kipling has made Viceroys and Commanders-in-Chief, Members of Council and Secretaries to Government his theme, and the flashes of light that he has thrown upon the inner workings of the machinery of government in India have been recognized as too truly colored to be intuitive or aught but the light of knowledge reflected from the actual facts. No writer, for instance, could have excited, as Kipling did, Lord Dufferin's curiosity as to how the inmost councils of the State had thus been photographed, without having somehow or other caught a glimpse of things as they were for at least one moment. It is this which is the strongest attribute of Kipling's mind: that it photographs, as it were, every detail of passing scenes that can have any future utility for literary reference or allusion. He was able, however he might be engaged, to make mental excursions of

A LOOP IN THE DARJEELING RAILWAY, IN THE HIMALAYAS.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

various kinds while still pursuing the even tenor of the business in hand.

In sporting matters, for instance, I suppose nothing is more difficult than for a man who is no "sportsman"—in the exclusive sense of the men who carry the scent of the stables and the sawdust of the ring with them wherever they go—to speak to these in their own language, along their own lines of thought. Of a novelist who writes a good sporting story, it is considered praise to say that "none but a real sportsman could have written it." But Kipling was no sportsman and an indifferent horseman; yet his sporting verses always took the sporting world in India (where sport takes precedence of almost every other form of human activity) by storm. I recollect in particular one case, in which a British cavalry regiment, once famous in the annals of sport and quartered at Umballa, formerly renowned as the headquarters of military steeple-chasing in India, published an advertisement of their steeple-chases and, to attract number rather than quality of entries, stated that the fences were "well sloped" and "littered on the landing side," or something to that effect. Now, if Kipling had ridden a steeple-chase then, I imagine the odds would have been against his and the horse's arriving at the winning post together. In India he could only have seen a few second-class steeple-chases in the way that the ordinary spectator sees them. But he wrote a poem upon this advertisement, reminding the regiment of what they had been, and of what Umballa had once been, in sport, and filled with such technicalities of racing and stable jargon that old steeple-chasers went humming it all over every station in upper India and swearing that it was the best thing ever written in English. It was a bitter satire on the degeneracy in sport of the cavalry officers who "sloped" and "littered" their fences to make the course easy and safe. To the non-sporting reader the technical words gave good local color, and might or might not have been rightly used. But what impressed me was that a sporting "Vet," who had lived in the pigskin almost all his life, should have gone wandering about the Lahore Club asking people, "Where does the youngster pick it all up?" As for the bitterness of the satire, it is enough to say that, many years after, an officer of the regiment,



LAHORE: TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, SIKH RULER OF THE COUNTRY, WITH THE GREAT MOSQUE, ERECTED BY THE MOGUL EMPEROR AURUNGZEBE, IN THE BACKGROUND.

Drawn from a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

finding the verses in the scrap-book of a friend in whose house he was staying, apologized for the necessity of tearing the page out and burning it.

It was to Kipling's powers of satire, indeed, that his early fame in India was mainly due. The poems that made up his "Departmental Ditties" were personal and topical in their origin, and gained tenfold in force for readers who could supply the names and places. There have been Davids and Uriahs in all ages and countries; and the poem "Jack Barrett Went to Quetta" may be taken as applicable to all. But those who had known the real "Jack Barrett," good fellow that he was, and the vile superior and faithless wife who sent him "on duty" to his death, felt the heat of the spirit which inspired Kipling's verse in a way that gave those few lines an imperishable force. "Jack Barrett" was the type of Kipling's most successful earlier verse. His short stories of frivolous Anglo-Indian society are equally true to life. The light-hearted, or rather heartless, *amours* of Simla must have been witnessed at close range if one would thoroughly appreciate Kipling's picturesque travesties of the wiles and the wooings of Mrs. Hauksbee and the rest. Every one in Northern India knew who these ladies were; and the knowledge gave a particular interest to the "Plain Tales from the Hills." As an instance of Simla "local color," I might note the one phrase of "black-and-yellow wasps." All wasps are black and yellow—at least all English wasps are—but those who knew Simla when Kipling wrote of it would recollect that *the* social "wasp" of Simla society, the original "Mrs. Hauksbee," in fact, used to be conspicuous at the dances at Viceregal Lodge for the magnificent costumes of black and yellow with which she draped her slim-waisted figure.

Kipling took life as it came, generally with merriment; and every evening during the "season," dressed as to gloves etc. with rather scrupulous care for India, where considerable latitude in social costume prevails, he might have been seen, mounted on a

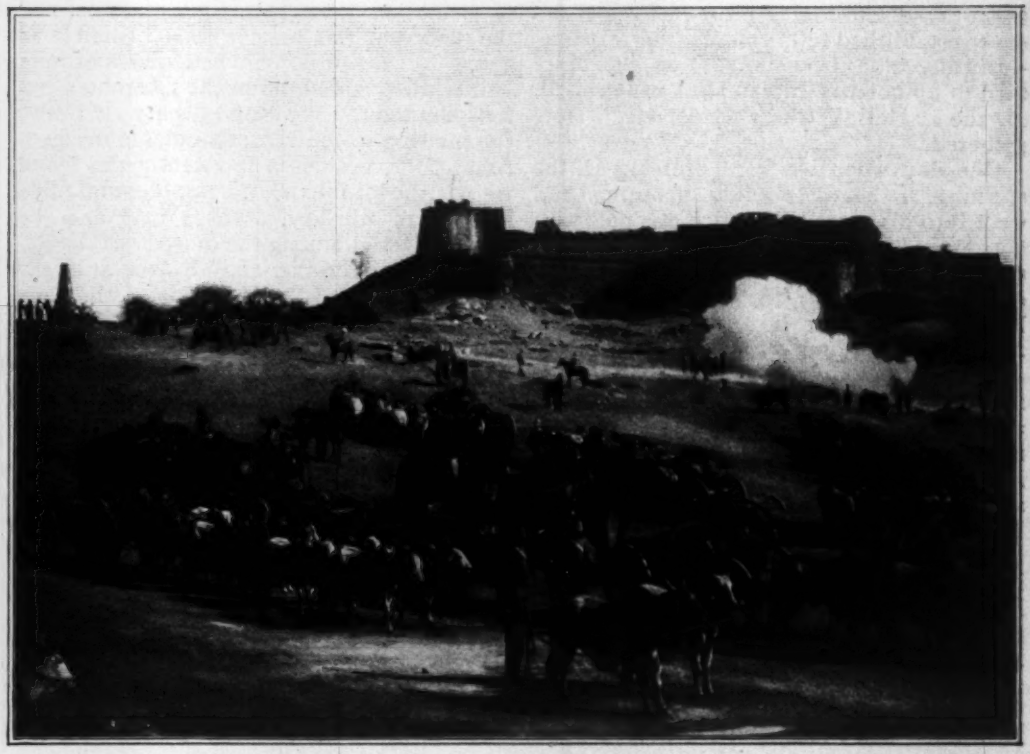
swish-tailed chestnut Arab—with which he never established fully confidential relations—trotting along the "Mall," as the chief road in up-country Indian stations is called, to the "Hall," where "society" forgathered.

One day when we were dressing in the morning, I heard Kipling shouting and went into his room. His face was pale with horror, and he was tightly clasping one leg above the knee. "There's a snake," he gasped, "inside my trousers, and I think I've got him by the head. Put your hand up from below and drag him out." I observed that Kipling only "thought" he had it by the head, and that its head might really be at the other end, in which case—— but, before I had finished, I saw the horror in his face relax and give place to a puzzled look, succeeded by fits of laughter. Endeavoring to ascertain by the sense of touch whether it was the head he was grasping, he discovered that it did not really feel like any part of a snake at all. In fact it had a buckle; and he realized that his braces had been dangling inside the garment when he put it on! But the danger of snakes in Lahore was real enough, and the place was rich in scorpions. I had been stung by a scorpion in bed one morning, and Kipling aided me in the afternoon in a scorpion hunt. We found twenty-six under the matting in the veranda outside my bedroom door, besides a few centipedes; and we put the lot into a large tumbler and filled it up with whiskey. Wasps may also be almost classed among the dangers of Anglo-Indian life in the Punjab. Fatal results occasionally result from their stings, and they swarm everywhere; so Kipling and I waged war upon the wasps which studded the "farash" trees outside the house with their untidy nests. Other of our researches into natural history concerned "Obadiah," a tame crow which we had picked up in a crippled condition in the road. He became our "Office Crow," and we had just determined to open a column in the paper for "Caws by the Office Crow," upon politics and things in general, when Kipling was translated from Lahore to Allahabad, and left me to become assistant editor of the "Pioneer."

For the latter paper he undertook a tour

THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.



THE NATIVE FORTRESS OF JHANSI, CENTRAL INDIA, WITH A TROOP OF BRITISH ARTILLERY DRILLING BEFORE IT.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

of the native states of India, and wrote a series of humorous letters under the heading "Letters of Marque," republished (without Kipling's consent) in volume form. Several incidents in his travels in some of the native states showed that he possessed considerable resource and physical courage: a fact which was not new to me, for in the course of his duties as assistant editor at Lahore, he once had to engage in bodily combat with an irate and inebriated photographer who invaded the office, and, in spite of the superior bulk of his enemy, Kipling emerged from the struggle triumphant. On another occasion I recollect a convivial party of about a dozen men about to separate in the small hours of the morning, when some one suggested "drawing" Kipling, whose house was close by. They proceeded thither, and stealthily entered Kipling's sleeping-room. As a rule, when a man is thus favored by a surprise visit from a party of his friends in the dead of night, he is at first alarmed, and afterwards effusively friendly. But Kipling was out of his bed in an instant, and before the foremost of the intruders had mastered the geography of the room in the dark, he felt the cold barrel of a revolver at his temple. This led to explanations, and as the party filed out of the house again, it did not seem as if the laugh had been on their side.

Having, to my own great delight, "discovered" Kipling (though his name was already a household word throughout India) in 1886, I thought that the literary world at home should share my pleasure. He was just then publishing his first little book in India; but the "Departmental Ditties" were good enough, as I thought at the time, and as afterwards turned out, to give him a place among English writers of the day. So I obtained eight copies, and distributed them, with recommendatory letters, among the editors of English journals of light and leading. So far as I could ascertain, not a single one of those papers condescended to say a word about the unpretentious little volume. It had not come, I suppose, through "the proper channel," *i.e.*, from the advertising publisher.

Some years later Kipling launched himself in England with several volumes, including a new edition of "Departmental Ditties," ready for the advertising publisher. Then the advertising publisher discovered his value, and sent his books to the literary journals; the literary journals dis-

covered his merit, and recommended him to the British public, and the British public hastened to buy his works. Out of sight of the English press, Kipling had worked like a grub of genius, in a remote corner of the Indian Empire, spinning a golden web out of which only stray strands floated ownerless now and then into the side-columns of English papers. Without in any way destroying their English copyright value, he had been able in India to publish and revise and republish his work with the aid of the criticism of the most cultured audience to which an English writer can appeal. In Anglo-India there are no uneducated readers, for ninety-nine per cent. of the men out there have passed difficult competitive examinations to get there. When he left India I often offered to bet with men out there who dissented from my estimate of his power, any amount they liked to name within my means, that before a year had passed he would be one of the most famous writers in England. None of them dissented to the extent of taking my bet, and the result justified their caution.

When I knew Kipling in India he was bubbling over with poetry, which his hard day's office work gave him no time to write. The efforts of the native police-band in the public gardens at Lahore to discourse English music to a sparse gathering of native nurses and infants would awaken, as we passed, some rhythm with accompanying words in his mind, and he would be obviously ill at ease because he could not get within reach of pen and ink. Whether Kipling would ever have been much of a musician, I cannot say ; but I know that all the poems he wrote during the years we worked together—many of the "Departmental Ditties," for instance—were written not only *to* music, but *as* music. I have before me now one of Kipling's poems of the "Departmental Ditty" order which was never published. One of India's "little wars" was in progress, and our special correspondent had telegraphed that, on account of our newspaper's comments on the composition of the General's staff, he had been boycotted by the General's orders. "Here," said I, handing the telegram to Kipling, "is a subject for a nice little set of verses."

Kipling read the telegram, thought a moment ; then said : "I have it. How would this do—'Rum tiddy um ti tum ti tum, Tra la la ti tum ti tum'?" (or words to that effect) hummed in notes that suggested a solo on the bugle. I was quite accustomed to having verses in their inceptional stage submitted in this shape for editorial approval ; so I said that the poem sounded excellent, and returned to my work. In twenty minutes Kipling came to me with the verses, which commenced :

> "General Sir Arthur Victorius Jones,
> Great is vermilion splashed with gold."

They were pointed and scathing ; but, as I have said, were never published, subsequent telegrams showing that our correspondent had been mistaken. Kipling always conceived his verses in that way—as a tune, often a remarkably musical and, to me, novel tune. He will always do so, I fancy ; because, only the other day in Vermont, I heard him read, or rather intone, some of his unpublished Barrack-room Ballads to original tunes, which were infinitely preferable to the commonplace melodies to which his published ballads have been unworthily set—with the exception, perhaps, of "Mandalay." When he had got a tune into his head, the words and rhyme came as readily as when a singer vamps his own banjo accompaniment.

On the principle that scarcity enhances the value of every commodity, and that men value most what they cannot get, almost all Englishmen in India, where English ladies are comparatively few, become what are called "ladies' men," and Kipling was never without friends of the other sex. Intellectual women, who are proportionately numerous in India, were especially fond of his society ; and the witty wife of a gallant colonel still frequently boasts at Simla that the dedication of Kipling's first work, "To the Wittiest Woman in India," applies to her. General opinion, however, holds that Kipling intended the phrase for his mother, and, indeed, it might have been worse applied. Another charming woman friend of Kipling's, who is now dead, but while living was especially proud of the confidence implied in the occasional submission of his manuscript for her approval, was the wife of an Anglo-Indian novelist and verse writer, now coming into English repute. And much of his keen insight into the working of the feminine mind was due to the acquaintance of these and other ladies, as well as to his home influence.

When Kipling first left India he kept up some sort of connection with me and the "Civil and Military Gazette" by writing occasional sketches for us. The pay he got for these was so small in proportion to the money he could make in England that I accepted them as tokens of friendship, which indeed they were, for me and "the rag."

LONGFELLOW IN 1832. AGE 25.
From a miniature. Redrawn by Francis Day.

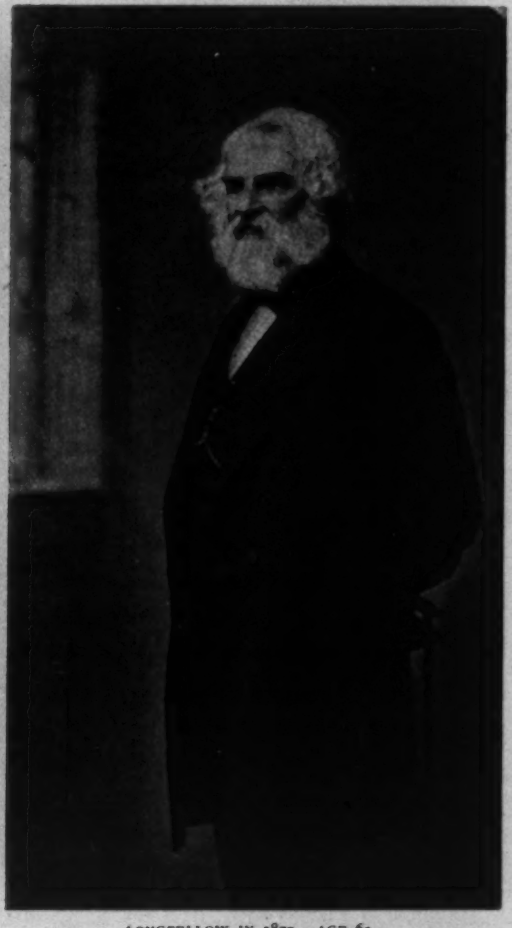
PORTRAITS OF LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882. He disclosed a passion for books in his earliest boyhood, and composed verses at thirteen. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, and in 1829 became professor of modern languages there, having spent most of the interval in Europe. He paid a second visit to Europe in 1835 and 1836, and on his return assumed a professorship in Harvard College, which he held until 1854. He published his first book in 1835. It was "Outre Mer," a collection of travel sketches previously published in the "New England Magazine." He wrote largely all the time for the periodicals, but he did not publish another book until 1839, when his prose romance "Hyperion" appeared. A little later in the same year he issued his first book of poems, "Voices of the Night." Other volumes followed at intervals of one or two years until his death. "Evangeline" was published in 1847; "Hiawatha" in 1855; "The Courtship of Miles Standish" in 1858; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in 1863; the translation of Dante in 1867–1870; and "New England Tragedies" in 1868.

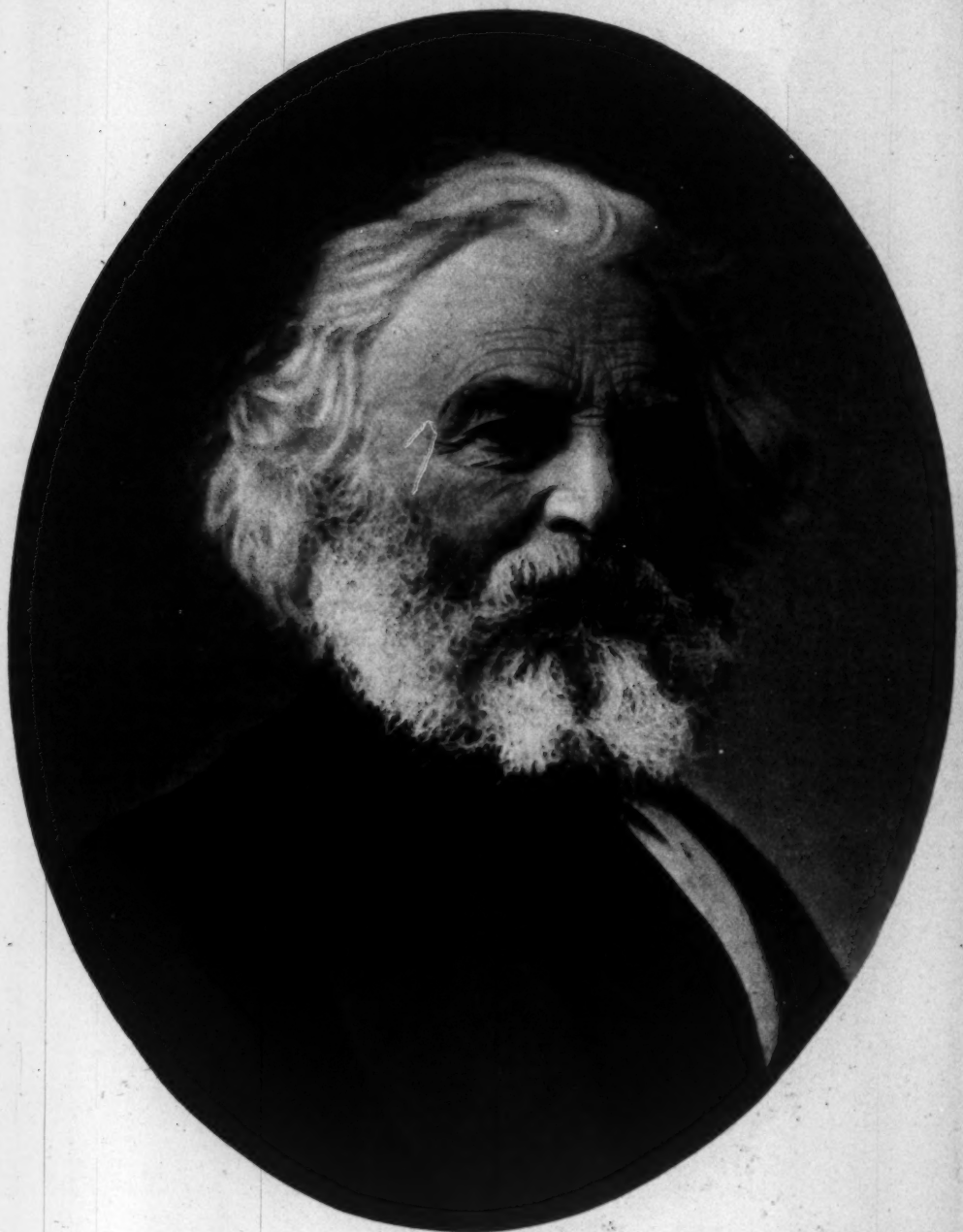
LONGFELLOW IN 1840. AGE 33.
From an early engraving loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW IN 1857. AGE 50.
From a photograph loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW IN 1860. AGE 53.
From a photograph loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.

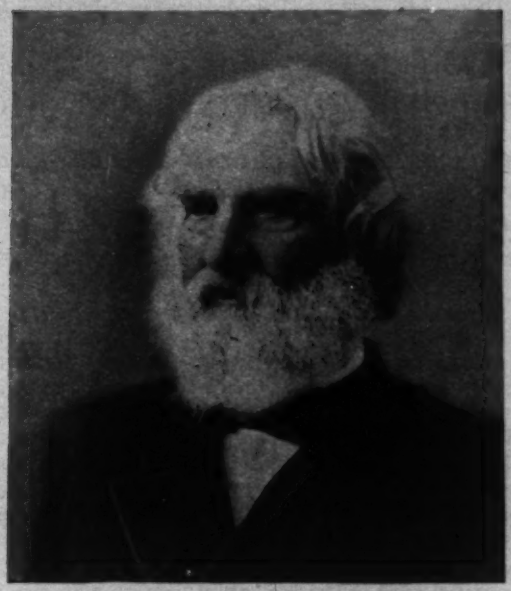


LONGFELLOW IN 1870. AGE 63.
From a photograph loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.



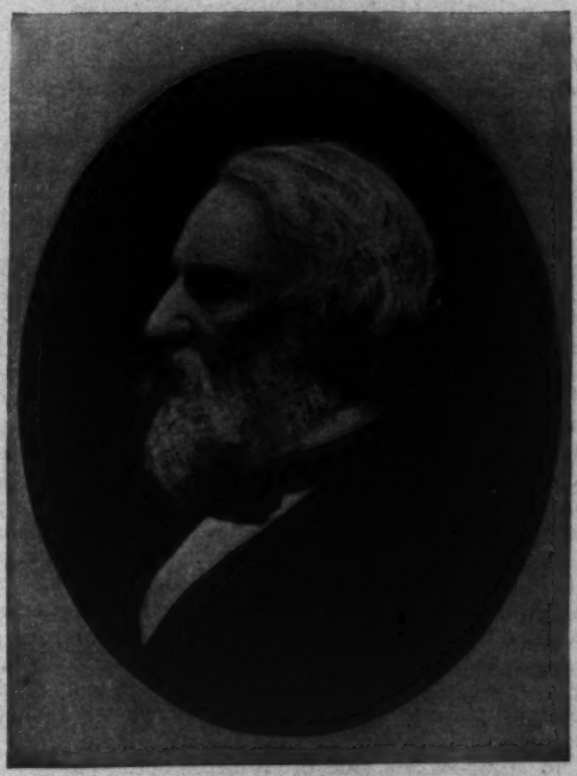
LONGFELLOW IN 1870. AGE 63.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



LONGFELLOW IN 1877. AGE 70.

From a photograph by Lamson, Portland, Maine; loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.



LONGFELLOW IN 1878. AGE 71.

From a photograph by Conly, Boston; loaned by H. W. Fay.

LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, AND HOLMES.

PASSAGES FROM THEIR TALK AND CORRESPONDENCE.—LONGFELLOW AT THE THEATRE.—WHITTIER'S SENSE OF HUMOR.—THE BRILLIANT TALK OF DR. HOLMES, AND HIS LATER RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

OF our great pentarchy of poets, one—Lowell—I never met; and of another—Emerson—my personal knowledge, as I have said, was but of the slightest. With the remaining three I had differing degrees of friendships; and to speak of them is still a privilege full of affectionate sadness.

Longfellow, I knew less well than the others; but my few memories of him are as mellow and fair as those of yesterday's October day melting on the great horizon beyond my study windows. I think the first time that I saw him was at Mr. Fields's; my impressions are that he was ill that day, and a little under the reflection of physical suffering; and that I thought at the time that this fact accounted for the peculiar gentleness of his personality. Afterwards, when I saw him in happier conditions, I learned that this was no pathological incident, but that his atmosphere was like that of the mystic lands "where it is always afternoon." He remains in my thought as one of the gentlest men whom I ever knew. There was a certain innate serenity, quite apart from the quality of his manner—a manner which had the repose of something that it seems almost underbred to call the finest breeding, because it went beyond and below and above that. I heard Emerson once say of some one—I cannot recall of whom—that he was "expressed to gold-leaf." Mr. Longfellow could not be defined in this phrase, only because he was too genuine to appropriate it. His endowment of personal culture was so generous as to give one in contact with it the keenest delight. He seemed to me a man cultivated almost to the capacity of his nature. It was inconceivable that he could, under any stress, slip into rudeness of view, or do the incomplete thing. He was finished well-nigh to elaboration.

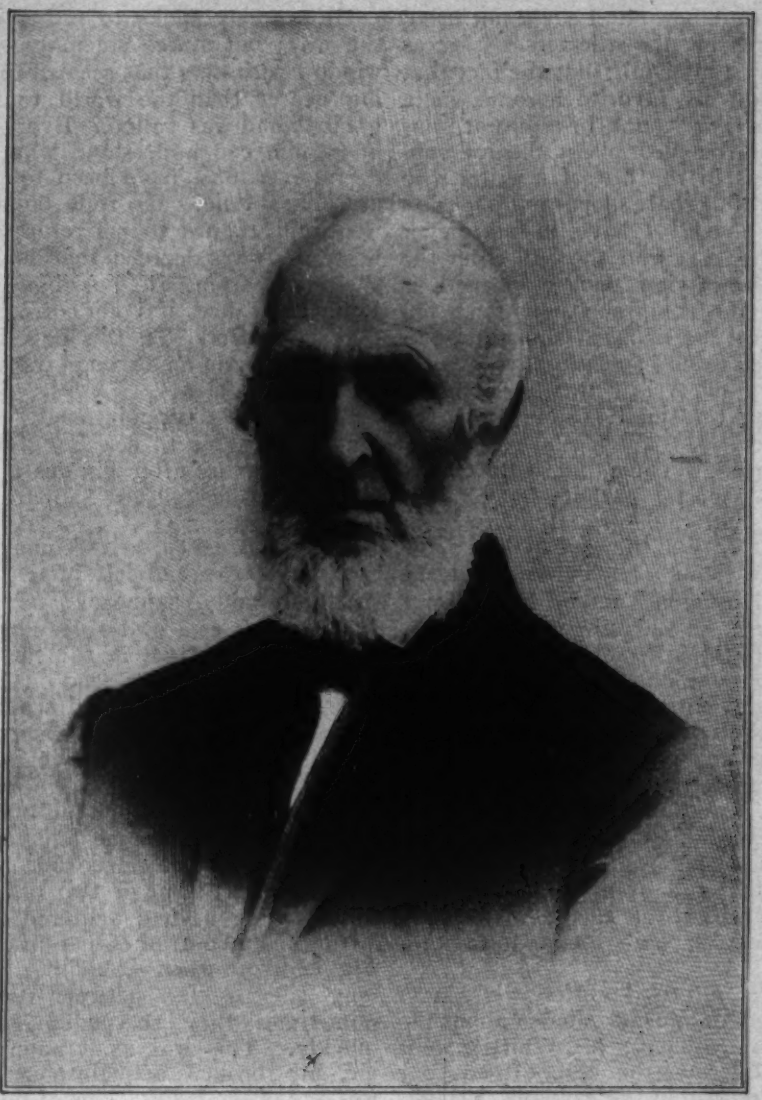
Yet, as I say, he stopped this side of gold-leaf. For he had retained his sincerity almost to the point of *naïveté;* he had preserved the spontaneity which a lesser man under his attrition with the world would have lost.

I was once in a box at the theatre in a company of friends of whom he was one. The play was a simple affair—"Hazel Kirke": there was nothing great, historic, or perhaps, in a strict sense, highly artistic about it; it was the old story of a Scotch marriage, separated lovers, a wronged girl, and a heart-broken father. There was a scene where Hazel followed her blind father about the room upon her knees, pressing the hem of his long coat to her lips; he meanwhile being ignorant of her presence, and remaining so till she had disappeared. I turned, indiscreetly enough, and looked at the poet where he sat, a little in the shadow of our box. I was astonished to see the tears—not gathering, but falling down his face. He made no effort to conceal or to check them; indeed I think he was unconscious of them. He noticed none of us; but gave his heart up to the human passion of the little play, with a simplicity and genuineness touching to see.

I remember, at another time, lunching at his house on an occasion when the guest of honor was a great actress of the higher caste. She was not an American; and, thinking to interest her, at our request, Mr. Longfellow read aloud a poem of his which treated of her own country and of its struggles for a freedom at that time unattained. When he had finished the reading, he turned, and found her in tears. I know it occurred to me at the time that an actress of her resources might have spared him that; but, probably, she too was genuine when she could be. At all events, the lady wept. I shall never forget the tone and manner in which he turned towards her.

"Oh!" he cried. "I meant to make

Note.—This paper is Number VIII. of "Chapters from a Life," begun in McClure's for December, 1895.



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From a photograph by W. C. Thompson, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

you happy! I meant to give you happiness! And I have given you pain!"

His accent on the word "pain" was like the smart of a wound. Out of strength came sweetness, and his unspoiled genius had preserved the reality of a kind heart.

The finest tribute which I ever heard offered to Longfellow was one which may not have found its way into print; for it did not come from the great of the earth, claiming their own and revering him. He had his due of that in life and in death. It would have been an honor to statesmen or to kings to be guests at the poet's table. But what sweeter thing was ever said of him than this: "If there is any person in Cambridge, or in Boston, whom he knows to be in greater need than any other of social kindness; any one obscure, overlooked, unknown, and friendless,—*that* is the person you are sure to find invited to Mr. Longfellow's house"?

Mr. Longfellow was very kind to me in certain opinions which he expressed about some of my writings not agreeable to all my readers. At the time "The Story of Avis" came out, I received from him a few letters which were the greatest possible comfort to me; for though I had not expected that book to have a wide circle of friends, yet I did hope in some measure to atone by their quality for their quantity.

Even in autobiography I could not bring myself to reprint those letters so far as they dealt with my book; but the fact that he understood my favorite heroine where smaller men might not, or did not, has been one of the pleasantest bits of subconsciousness in the life of a writer who has had her full share of misapprehension and critical abuse. I have, in fact, never met any other *man* who showed, from the author's point of view, such a marvellous intuition in the comprehension of an unusual woman; or of what the author of "Avis" tried to do in relating her history. "The Story of Avis" was a woman's book, hoping for small hospitality at the hands of men.

Mr. Longfellow came but once to my home on Gloucester harbor; but on that occasion I had the especial pleasure of pointing out to him the reef of Norman's Woe; which, though he had wrecked the schooner "Hesperus," and broken half our hearts upon it, he had, singularly enough, never seen (I think he said) before.

I remember one dull, cold day—it was a Sunday—being entertained at the charming home of Governor and Mrs. Claflin, where Mr. Whittier was also a guest; when the suggestion arose that we should drive out to see Mr. Longfellow. This we did—Mr. Whittier, Mrs. ——, and myself. Mr. Whittier was at his brightest on that drive to Cambridge; full of good stories, and good appreciation of them; more than usually cheerful, and inclined to talk happily.

We drove up to Longfellow's door; there seemed an unusual silence about the calm and gentle place. Mr. Whittier went on alone and rang the bell. It was our purpose to remain in the carriage, I think, leaving the two poets to their own great selves undisturbed by our smaller personalities. We were, therefore, astonished to see Mr. Whittier returning in a moment. He ran down the steps and sprang in with excitement, hitting his tall hat, I remember, on the carriage door, and entirely unconscious that he had done so. He was more agitated than I had ever seen him.

"Longfellow is sick!" he cried, "very sick! They are very anxious." He leaned back on the carriage cushions, much perturbed.

"It is a long time since I have seen him!" he said, drearily. His agitation remained. The drive back to Boston was a gloomy one. His vivacity was quite extinguished.

He scarcely spoke to either of us, all the way; but stared solemnly out of the window with eyes that seemed to see nothing nearer than the world to which his great friend was called. Every one who knew him can understand what his wonderful eyes must have been to look upon at such a time. We rode home, and he went out at once to his room; where his hostess always decreed that he should be sheltered from all possible intrusion. Longfellow died, if I am correct about it, two days after. To this day, I seem to see him passing on, through the seer's look in Whittier's eyes.

"It was a disappointment," he wrote, "not to be able to see Longfellow then, and much more after his death, but I am glad I went on that last Sabbath, and that thee was with me. . . . Ah, well! as Wordsworth asked, after commemorating the friends who had left him: 'Who next shall fall and disappear?' I await the answer with awe and solemnity, and yet with unshaken trust in the mercy of the All-Merciful."

Whittier was a shy and scanty visitor; and a new interior was an insurmountable trouble to him in his later years. I think he cultivated in himself a kind of chronic expectation of some time fulfilling his conditional promise to come and see me; but in point of fact he never did. I saw him at the houses of one or two old friends in town, where he had acquired a habit of flitting in and out, or else at his own home. And he wrote when he could. Sometimes long silences fell between the letters. Sometimes they succeeded each other quickly. This was as it happened. To me, my broken acquaintance with him was one of the inspirations of my life.

He was full of frolic, in a gentle way; no one of the world's people ever had a keener sense of humor. From every interview with him one carried away a good story, or a sense of having had a good time; he never darkened the day, or shadowed the heart. He inspirited. He invigorated. "I like," he wrote to a friend, "the wise, Chinese proverb: 'You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair!'"

With what boyish delight he absorbed a fresh anecdote, if it had the right ring to it, and how tenderly he economized the best of the old ones!

Most of the more amusing incidents of his personal experience have been long ago

published by the friends with whom he used to share them.

Perhaps the story about Lucy Larcom is one of them: but I venture to repeat it, as one which has vividly stayed by me.

A caller, one of "the innumerable throng that moves" to the doors of the distinguished, there to indulge the weak curiosity of an ignorance too pitiable to be angry with, made himself troublesome one day in the poet's home at Amesbury.

"I have come, sir," he said, pompously, "to take you by the hand. I have long wished to know the author of 'Hannah Binding Shoes'!"

Now, Lucy Larcom happened to be sitting, in her serene fashion, silently by the window, at that time; and Mr. Whittier turned towards her with the courtly bow into which the Quaker poet's simple manner could bend so finely, when he chose.

"I am happy," replied Mr. Whittier, waving his hand towards the lady in the window, "to have the opportunity to present thee to the author of that admirable poem—Lucy Larcom!"

It was one of Mr. Whittier's laughable reminiscences of anti-slavery days, when he was a Free-Soil candidate for Congress, that he was charged by political enemies with "ill-treating his wife!"

For so gentle a man Mr. Whittier was a very keen lance in argument.

A man who prided himself on being a disbeliever in Christianity once obtruded his views on Mr. Whittier in a blatant manner; enforcing the assertion that there was no truth in the doctrine of immortality, because he knew that he had, himself, no soul.

"Friend," replied the poet, with rippling eyes, "thee are undoubtedly right. I quite agree with thee. I am ready to admit that *thee* have no soul. But speak for thyself, friend, speak for thyself!"

As I knew Mr. Whittier in his later years, my impressions of his life are those of its most lonely period. With heartache for which there are no words, I used to come away sometimes, from glimpses of its deep, inward desolation. Friends in full measure he had; and everything possible was done in his descending years, by those who had the nearest right to minister to him, to give him comfort. But his solitude went too deep for the surface relations of life to fathom. Illness and deafness and the imperfect use of his eyes increased it heavily. He could read but very little, and could write less.

His home at Danvers was a pleasant one, full of creature comforts and womanly kindliness; but the New England winter pressed heavily about it.

"How do you spend the days?" I asked once, upon a bitter afternoon, when I had gone over from Andover to see him for an hour. He glanced over my head into the snow-storm. His face was not dreary, but wore one of its gravest looks.

"Oh," he said, patiently, "I play with the dogs; or I go out and see the horses. And then I talk to Phœbe.—And I go into my study, and sit a while."

"There is always some one to talk to," he said, in his gentle, grateful way; he spoke as if this fact were an unusual privilege.

One must have spent more than one invalid winter in a New England village to understand in the least what such isolation was to a man of his gifts and social instincts and in the deepening solitude of old age. Yet nothing could stir the roots which he had grown into the soil of his native pines.

To a friend who placed an empty cottage in Florida at his disposal, one winter, he replied:

"I thank thee for thy kind offer of the Florida cottage; but I must live if I can, and die if I must, in Yankee land."

Whittier suffered from physical disabilities,—only those who knew him well ever suspected how much; or how seriously these affected the exercise of his great powers. He was but a wretched sleeper; usually, his biographer tells us, awake before the dawn, and accustomed to sleep with his curtain raised, that he might watch the movement of the sunrise. It will be remembered how touchingly his old habit wrought upon him on the day when he fell into his last sleep; when the nurse would have drawn the shade to darken the room, and he feebly waved his hand to order it raised again, that he might not lose the final sunrise of his life.

His love of nature was always something exquisite, and as fresh as a lad's to his last hour. I find his letters to me full of such touches as these:

"These November days of Indian summer make me happy that I have lived to see them."

"I am glad to be permitted once more to see the miracle of spring."

Again, I find the page sprinkled with magnolia buds, hepaticas, and violets, and "when the golden dandelion comes, it will be really spring. I would rather see

the flowers in the world beyond than the golden streets we are told of."

But I am borrowing even these few extracts from a previous publication of his letters, which I have no right to reproduce in any fulness here.

I have often heard him say that he called five hours' sleep a fine night's rest; and that for weeks at a time he would be unable to write more than a few stanzas, or a few lines. He worked under severer physical limitations than any other of the great writers of our country; yet how wholesome, how genial, how brave his work!

> "He gave the people of his best.
> His worst he kept; his best he gave."

Like other solitary lives of the higher caste, his chief happiness was in his friendships. Of these he had many among the elect spirits, and he sustained them with remarkable fidelity. I sometimes used to think that he found it almost too hard to criticize any of his friends, or to give us friendly blame; but if so, he atoned for that by the stimulating, northwesterly courage which he was sure to have in store for us; always giving us faith in ourselves, and in our own work.

And, indeed, he could smite like the angel of exile when he would. Of this we need no other witness than his famous poem on Daniel Webster,—"Ichabod." Though it is but just to say that I heard him during the last years of his life lament, if he did not quite repent, that poem.

"I am afraid I was too severe," he would say. "Do thee think I was?"

In memorable contrast to that of our great hermit ran the life of the Beacon Street poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Yet the two were friends in the genuine sense of the word. Whittier's seclusion held many of his friendships off by a sceptre as delicate but as definite as the frosted fronds of one of his own pine-boughs. But in the case of Dr. Holmes, I know that the mutual attraction was affectionate and real.

"We are more than literary friends," Whittier once said to me of the Autocrat. "We *love* each other."

I remember one winter day lunching with Whittier at Doctor Holmes's table, no other guests being present; and I think —for me—it was the dumbest lunch at which I ever sat. I found it impossible to talk, for my speech seemed a piece of intrusion on the society of larger planets, or a higher race than ours. To listen to those two was one of the privileges of a lifetime.

They interchanged their souls—now like boys, and now like poets; merrily or gravely; Whittier shining at his happiest, and Holmes scintillating steadily.

As for that, he always did. Doctor Holmes was decidedly the most brilliant converser whom I have ever met.

It was my good fortune to receive him as a guest sometimes at Gloucester, in my summer home. For several years he acquired the kind habit of coming over from Beverly Farms to spend a day, or a few hours, on our ruder shore.

I remember that on this first call I felt moved, as one does with a new guest, to show off our attractions at Eastern Point, and that I took him, thoughtlessly enough, down into the big trap gulley in front of my chalet, where the purple lava and the bronze kelp and the green sea-weed brightened and faded beneath the rising and ebbing waves whose "high tide line" came almost to my door-step.

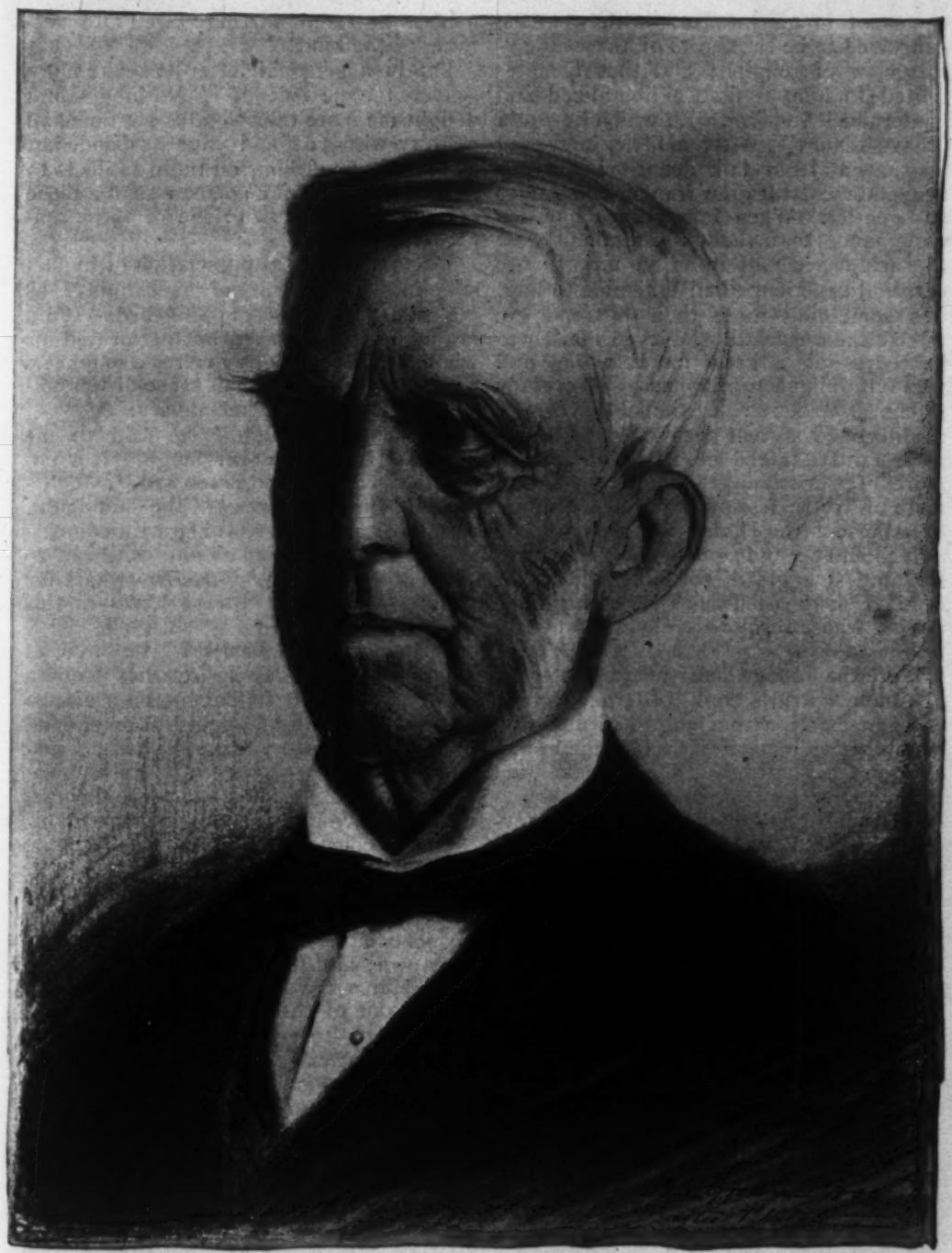
It was very rough walking; and when I saw that it was not easy for him—for he was even then an old man—I cannot say what I might not have done by way of atoning for my mistake. I do not think I had extended my hand; I had only extended my thought; which he read by that marvellous perception of his, needing to wait for neither word nor motion.

"No, no!" he cried, decidedly, "No, no, no! Don't you offer to help me! Don't you dare offer to help me! I couldn't stand that."

I had nothing for it but to let him clamber about over the jagged boulders as he would, without protest or assistance; and I thanked the heavenly fates which brought him without accident back to the piazza. Here he found the breeze which blows eternally on the Gloucester harbor too cool for him, and we retreated indoors, where it seemed to be tacitly understood that we should agree to dispense with any further out-of-door explorations; as from that time we did.

By the open door and windows we sat and talked until his train left, or his carriage came. It might have been two hours, or six; or we might have talked on for sixty, for aught I know, if this had been a world without enforced interruptions,—I wonder if there are none such?

As I look back upon those, to me, absorbing discussions, they seem to have been



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

This portrait of Dr. Holmes has a special value in that it is from an unpublished photograph which was possibly the last taken of him before his death. It was taken especially for McClure's Magazine in 1893, but was not used then, and appears in this reproduction for the first time.

either theological or religious—there is a difference—and he gave himself freely to both. They had little beginning and no end, and each year he came back as fresh as ever to the pleasant fray.

His old grievance against Andover, where, as a lad in Phillips Academy, he was unjustly punished, lay bitterly in his heart to the end of his life. I think he had mingled this wrong a little in his imagina-

tion—not in his intellect—with what he conceived to be the errors of the evangelical view of religion; and that I represented to him, at first, a liberalized and modernized Andover, with which he could "have it out." After a little, he passed all that, and our talk deepened with our acquaintance. It grew franker and graver and gentler. When I first knew him, his repugnance to orthodox Christianity, or to such aspects of it as an unfortunate personal experience had extended to him, was something more than bitter. He talked like a man who believed himself to be redressing a great moral wrong and who felt obliged to emphasize his crusade whenever he could. In the latter years of his life I saw a great change in him in this respect. He talked less of theology, and more of Christianity; less of error, and more of truth; less of other men's failure to represent the Divine life and purpose as it should be, and more of the great longings and struggle of the human heart, or of his own, to reach the Everlasting Love around whose throne are clouds and darkness.

More than once I have heard him speak of Canon Farrar's book "Eternal Hope" with an emotion touching to witness and ennobling to remember. His face broke, and the tears stirred at the mere mention of the title.

"I cannot get beyond it," he said, reverently. "'Eternal Hope'! I cannot talk about the title of that book. It moves me too much. It goes too deep."

We spoke more, as the evening of his life came on, of the more spiritual approaches to religious truth, and less of its controversial, which, I hope, dwindled in importance to him as he came nearer to the great solution of doubts and beliefs which awaits us all.

Yet he always preserved a strong demarcation of reticence about his own inner spiritual life. This, old age did not weaken in the least. He withheld as obviously as he gave.

I remember that he was approached during the very last year, or years, by a friend acting in behalf of this magazine, who had been asked to induce him, if possible, to consent to an interview with Professor Drummond and myself, upon the subject of Immortality; portions of this discussion, so far as he might select and personally revise them, were to be published.

He declined, without a moment's hesitation, saying with his quick wit: "I will neither be lured nor Mac-lured into anything of the kind!"

But in a personal letter he spoke more gravely on the matter. "Nothing would delight me more than to talk over time and eternity with you and your husband, but as to saying anything on these subjects to be *reported*, I would as soon send a piece of my spinal marrow to one of those omnivorous editors."

Doctor Holmes's appreciation of human suffering seemed to me as exquisite as almost any that I ever approached. It did not stop with his heart, but permeated his whole intellect. For so merry a man, one so brimming with fun, his sense of the universal misery was extraordinary.

"Outside, I laugh," he said to me once. "Inside, I never laugh. It is impossible. The world is too sad."

"Oh, the poor *women!*" he said again, turning to me a face broken with compassion. "It is as much as one can bear, to think of the *sufferings of women*—what they endure—what they always have—in this world!"

"How can God bear it?" he cried, at another time, suddenly starting from a silence which had fallen upon our discussion;—"this ball of anguish forever spinning around before Him—and the great hum of its misery going up to His ears!"

Yet who was so quick and warm of heart as he, to give happiness or to share it?

Out of courtesy to his biographer, I do not feel at liberty here to publish his letters; but I am tempted to select portions of one, which I am sure neither law nor gospel would forbid me to claim as my very own; and that is the letter received from him a few days after my marriage. It was one of the first—as it was one of the kindest—to reach us. I cannot give it entire, but extract:

"You have made me cry a great many times. Now you make me smile with gratification to know that you are anchored in that happy haven where the highest blessings of life are to be found by those who are fitted for its manifold experiences.

"I hope the gates of yours will never be ajar, but always wide open to all old friendships and all good influences, and always closed against every ill from which your earthly lot can be protected.

"My wishes for you are very many, my prayers are very brief, but they overflow with the sincerest desire for your happiness in this world for which you have done so much, and in that other into which you have looked with clearer eyes than ours."

The last time that he came to see us was in Gloucester, a year and a half, I think, before he died. Our little house had been moved since his last visit, and I tried to show him certain of the best changes in the landscape. He tried, politely, but it was pitifully evident that he could not see beyond the bright, marsh colors in the autumn light just outside our gate. The horizon of the sea, I am sure, was quite beyond his fading eye.

We begged him to try to get out from town and see our winter home in Newton, where we cherish some remarkable scenery; but he shook his head, pathetically, without speaking. After a moment's silence, he touched his eyes.

"I could not see it," he said. "There is no more new scenery for me, till I see the outlines of the Eternal City."

I saw him after this but twice; once at the table of our publisher and our best of friends, Mr. Houghton—I wonder, have they seen each other by this time, in the New Country?—where I thought him more than usually quiet; either ill or sad; but doing his best to give the bright wine of thought that was always expected of Doctor Holmes in society. And, by the way, how truly he loved it! "I have," he said to me once, "what I call my dinner-table intimacies. I enjoy them very much."

My last look at him was in his own study, overlooking the silver gray color of Charles River, on a winter afternoon. We talked—much in the old way—but more soberly, and ever more gently. His soul seemed to be brimming over with kindness to every form of life in this world and in the world beyond. Even the Andover schoolmaster was forgiven and forgotten. Of Andover theology he had now nothing to say. His heart seemed to be melting with tenderness; with desire to give happiness and to spare pain; and he, like one who waited, without regret or disturbance, the summons to that

> "Love Divine that stooped to share
> Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear."

He insisted on coming down-stairs with me when I left; he took my hand silently; upon his face was the look which only the aged wear when they part from younger friends; as if he dared not say, "It is the last time,"—but knew it, though I did not.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

From a photograph by W. C. Thompson, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

A COAST AND A CAPTURE.

A BICYCLING STORY.

By Virginia Niles Leeds.

MY brothers, Rob and Hillary, were enthusiastic wheelmen, and so was I an enthusiastic wheelwoman; but they would never allow me to accompany them unless they were going on some little snippy three-mile ride along the asphalt road, and I knew I could ride quite as well as they, if only I had the chance, and I was just longing to do so.

It isn't a bit of fun, as anyone knows, to trundle your wheel as if you were going to a funeral, and I was simply possessed to get out and race over jagged roads at a break-neck pace, and climb hills that were straight up and down, and do all sorts of blood-curdling things.

I did them all on that memorable night, and, somehow, it wasn't half the fun I expected.

Dear me! how perfectly I remember every detail!

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we had been at our country place about three weeks.

It had been an intensely warm day, so we all stayed up very late, sitting on the veranda and enjoying the little breeze that had sprung up.

A neighbor of ours, Ronald Bates, a very nice fellow, but who would be ever so much nicer if the boys didn't tease me so unmercifully about him, had come over to see me—I mean Rob—and we sat there talking until the Town Hall clock struck eleven. Then Ronald lit his lantern, and jumped on his wheel and rode away.

We lingered a little while after this; then, there being absolutely nothing else to do, all of us bade each other good night and went up to bed.

I was just about to undress when a thought struck me—a thought which, for an innocent one, had about the most horrible consequences that could be imagined.

On a chair by the window lay Rob's bicycle suit, upon which he had asked me to sew some buttons. My eye fell upon it, and then I looked out of the window.

It was the most heavenly night. The leaves were like lace-work, and hung perfectly motionless in the brilliant moonlight. The crickets and other insects were chirping lustily, and the grass and all the green things smelled delightfully sweet and fragrant in the night air. Away in front of me, as far as eye could reach, swept the smooth macadamized road, looking like a fairy path in whiteness and evenness.

They say to look at the moon too long deranges people, and that is the only way I can account for what I did.

I slipped off my pretty organdie gown as quietly and as quickly as I could, and stepped out of my buckled slippers, and in another minute I was getting into that bicycle suit. Of course Rob is taller than I, but I buttoned the cuffs of the knicker-bockers around under my knees, and as the things were about like gun-cases any way, it didn't make so much difference that they were baggier still. The coat was such a dreadful misfit that I really couldn't stand it, even at midnight, so I slipped out into the hall-closet where the boys keep their things and brought in a worsted garment known as a "sweater," but which word I object to, so I call it a "perspirer."

This I pulled over my head, managing in the act to leave a few handfuls of hair intact. To my delight it filled out the coat sufficiently. Next I proceeded to my feet. I tried Rob's shoes, but they were entirely too ungainly, and I was afraid I could not pedal with such clumsy objects, so I hunted up an old pair of tennis shoes of my own. They were the biggest and the least ladylike of any of what the French would call my *chaussure*.

After this there was only my hair to be considered; but I managed that very well.

I just brushed it all up as tightly as I could at the back and sides, and pinned it securely and flatly on top; then I drew on Rob's Glengarry cap, and although a phrenologist might have thought there was something queer about the formation of my skull, I don't believe anybody else would have noticed it.

I was entirely ready now, and I took a sly peep in the mirror.

Really, I didn't make a—well, a half bad sort of boy.

But I looked very young and so small!

As a girl, I look every month of my twenty-one years, and I am not considered especially petite; but as a boy, I was one of those shallow things of about fifteen, and I looked as if my growth had been stunted.

I was not altogether displeased with my appearance—but oh! I thought, I wouldn't for the world have Ronald see me! No doubt there are some straight-laced people who will be utterly shocked to think of a young lady doing such an undignified thing; but I can only say to such people that some of the most charming heroines in fiction, whom no one has ever thought of criticising, have done the self-same thing. Take, for instance, Miss Helen Mar and Consuelo and Rosalind—doesn't every one admire them, and are they not considered three very fascinating ladies? If this argument fails, I haven't another to offer.

When I was ready, I stood for a moment irresolute. Then I gazed once more out into the moonlight. That settled it.

Nothing could have been more enticing than the night, and in two seconds more I was creeping stealthily down stairs.

The boys keep their machines in a corner of the square hall, and it did not take me any time to get one out on the porch and to close the doors after me. My own wheel I ignored. When one goes to the length of putting on boy's clothing, one ought at least to ride a boy's wheel.

I got the wrench out of the tool-bag and let the saddle down; then I calmly removed the lamp. It was too light to require one, and, besides, I was so afraid some one might recognize me.

Everything went beautifully, except that my hair seemed to be coming down, and in putting up my hand to tighten it, the wheel fell over on the porch and made a horrible crash in the stillness. I waited a moment, but nothing happened, so I hurriedly carried the machine down the steps and jumped on.

Oh, the luxury of jumping on!

The words convey nothing to those who, like myself, have always had to wait until the right pedal is just exactly at a certain angle; then, placing one foot upon it, have had to balance in mid-air, as it were, while we divided our skirt and wriggled into position on the saddle.

Nothing of that now. I gave the machine a little shove-off first, then I hopped on as easily as you please, and I felt as I fancy the slaves must have felt after the Emancipation Act.

Away we went. The road seemed like airy clouds under my wheels, and we skimmed along like a bird. The cool breeze fanned me like fairy zephyrs, and the moon, in its big, round, shimmering fulness, seemed to smile upon me and encourage me.

It was the old story of forbidden fruit. I had always enjoyed bicycling, but my former rides had been nothing to this—this stolen one, at an unconventional hour, in unconventional garb.

I could have shouted and sung for very exuberance of spirit.

But I did not propose to just trundle along—oh! dear, no!

I could do that any time, so I turned into the worst road, and putting on full speed I proceeded to "scorch." I bent like a monkey on a stick over the handle-bar, and I flew along like a thing possessed.

This I kept up for some time. Then it became a trifle warm and tedious; so I back-pedalled and reduced my speed to a pleasant, even gait.

It was so refreshing to feel the breeze again, and the whir of the wheels as they crunched over the ground was a very agreeable sound.

I had been spinning along some time, thinking the most delightful thoughts and enjoying the greatest exhilaration, when all at once I became conscious of voices behind me and the jingle of other wheels. At first I paid no attention to it, and rode complacently on, and then suddenly it came over me, from certain indications, that I was being followed—or, even worse—pursued!

What sensations came over me then!

I began at once to see my folly, and all my delightful thoughts took flight.

Who on earth could it be who was pursuing me?

Tramps, no doubt—I could hear two of them—and probably they thought I was only a little boy, and were after me to

steal my machine, and perhaps—oh! horror upon horror!—to shoot me and leave me on the road-side to die.

All the strength seemed to die out of my limbs, and I could scarcely work the pedals at all. My grip relaxed on the handle-bar, and I felt that I should drop.

Nearer and nearer the pursuers came, and I could hear the jingle of their rapidly revolving spokes.

At length they were right behind me, and I heard one say to the other in a hoarse whisper:

"Close him in on your side, and then we'll run him into the lock-up!"

Great heavens! I, Josephine Howard, run into the lock-up! It was the most frightful thing I had ever heard, and I could have died at the thought of it. But, somehow, horror seemed to give me strength, and with a great forward lunge I gripped my machine tighter and shot off a length ahead. As I did so, one of the men behind called out in a menacing voice:

"Stop thief!"

Stop thief!

And that remark was addressed to me!

I began to "scorch" now in earnest. I ducked my head, bent my shoulders, and worked the pedals with all my might and main. Fortunately, the toe-clips were on, so that my feet did not slip off, for had I lost my footing for an instant, my pursuers would have been upon me.

Over the dusty road I flew. Pebbles sprang out from beneath my whirling tires and whizzed about me like missiles. The dust was like grit between my teeth, and the perspiration was pouring off of me in streams.

But not a moment stopped or stayed I. My breath came in gasps; my muscles began to ache, and I bounced over ruts and stones.

But those demons were behind me, coming on, faster and faster, and losing no breath in conversation. It was the hottest chase I had ever known, and I thought of Indians chasing the white man on the plain, and all sorts of harrowing things that I enjoyed reading about, but which were so different in reality.

I was approaching a steep hill—a hill that I had never ridden up in my life, and which some of the men, even, walked. I never dreamed of giving in. I urged my steed forward, I stood bolt upright in the pedals, and I worked as I never knew it was in me to work.

Panting breaths were behind me.

An inward hope that I could distance them here, rose up within me.

My weight in all my own heavy garments was only a hundred and five pounds, and the wheel I was riding was a nineteen-pound racer. Surely, I thought, no man could be as light as that.

And I was right. I did lengthen the distance a trifle. I never felt so light in my life, and so unburdensome were my garments that there was absolutely nothing to hinder me.

I should just like some one to see that hill some time, and to think of me riding it for my life!

When I reached the top, I didn't seem to have a particle of breath in my body, and my mouth was so dry that my tongue could not moisten it.

I had scarcely reached the level ground when I heard the dreadful ringing of the other machines.

A little house stood on the crest of the hill, and a man put his head out of a window as the bicycles were coming along.

"What's up?" he called.

Then one of my pursuers, in a voice that was well-nigh spent, shouted out this cruel lie:

"Stop him! It's Billy, the boy-bicycle burglar!"

Monster! It was probably his own choice sobriquet! I shot ahead. Beyond the hill was a steep declivity. It looked straight up and down in the moonlight, and at any other time the sight would have appalled me.

But it never for a moment daunted me then.

I shoved off with utter recklessness, drew my feet up on the fork, and proceeded to coast.

How the wheel flew!

Everything swam before me from the rapidness of my flight, and every moment I expected to be dashed to destruction.

But I was mercifully spared, and nothing could have been more restoring or refreshing to me than that long coast. My strained muscles relaxed, the perspiration dried coolly on my brow, and the moisture came back to my lips.

But although my strength was renewed, my agony was in no wise abated, and I could see no way out of the terrible situation. I could not ride on forever, and sooner or later I should be overtaken.

Presently another horror confronted me. At the foot of the declivity lay the railroad crossing, and as I was nearing it, I heard

the shrill, warning cry of an approaching locomotive.

Everything turned black for a minute, and I saw myself an inert and mangled something lying on the rails, to be picked up by strange hands and shuddered at.

With this hideous picture in my mind, I still kept on. It was like a person rushing headlong to his doom, and yet I could not help it. Doom stared me in the face on both sides, and it was only a question of which.

Horrible as it was, the locomotive seemed preferable. Just as I reached the rails, around the rock-bound curve came the midnight train. A dark, looming, quivering phantom, shaking the earth as it thundered along, and bearing down with menace and fury upon all venturesome atoms that should stand in its way. A thin volume of black smoke trailed backwards from the smoke-stack, like a long dusky feather, and the glare of the headlight was blinding to my eyes.

My mind was almost paralyzed, and my muscles only worked mechanically.

I was too insignificant an object to be seen by the engineer, and my life was a very small thing just then.

But turn back I could not. And so with the earth jarring beneath me, the rumble of the heavy machinery in my ears, and the blinding effulgence of the headlight in my eyes, I swept my machine upon the rails.

Once, twice, thrice I bounced. My wheel zigzagged, my heart stood still; but in a moment more I was on the other side, untouched, unhurt, though shivering and shaking to the very marrow in my bones.

Something like a prayer of thanksgiving escaped me, though I had no breath nor voice to frame it. But there are silent pæans, and I daresay they are quite as acceptable as formulated orisons.

And then—oh the joy of it!—my pursuers had to wait until the whole train, which was an eastward-bound express, and a long one, had passed by. This was an inestimable advantage to me.

I would gladly have turned into another road, but, unfortunately, at that point there was none other, except along the rails, and I must perforce keep straight on, in full view, in the heavy moonlight.

Again I started. The dangers I had passed through in some way kept up my courage, though I was fearing every moment to feel the reaction.

For a few seconds I had the intense relief of hearing no echoing whir, and then, all of a sudden, it started up again, horrifying, startling in the stillness.

I redoubled my speed; I prayed for help, and my aching limbs did their best.

But my pursuers seemed to have gained strength also — possibly through their enforced wait at the rails—and they came on—nearer—nearer.

My mother and the boys had often called me lazy, and made fun of me because I could not run a long seam on the sewing-machine.

What would they have thought could they have seen me then!

I had ridden about eight miles, all at the top of my speed, and over the worst roads in our neighborhood. I had not stopped for a moment; and although there had been times when it didn't seem as if I could hold out a moment longer, still I had kept on, and my pursuers had not gained much on me.

I had lost my title to laziness forever.

Another spurt of strength came to me, and I used it all in pushing ahead.

I felt insensibly that the distance was widening, and I was encouraged.

In a little while now I should be in the village of the next town, and surely help in some form or other would come to me there.

The path that lay before me was a narrow one, and much darker than the high road, on account of the tall trees that bounded it on either side.

But the riding was not half so good, and I was obliged to turn into the footpath, on account of the sand, and ride on the embankment. It was a dangerous path, for every now and then my tires bumped against the gnarled roots of trees, and I would bounce half a foot out of the saddle.

But if only I could reach the village, there might be a policeman, or a night watchman, or someone, who might capture my pursuers and take them to the place to which they had spoken of taking me.

I resolved to speak to the first person I met, and to throw myself upon his mercy.

Anything were better than to keep up this terrible flight.

The idea of the village spurred me on. My life depended upon reaching there.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

Thank heaven! That root was passed in safety. Oh! if only there might be no more!

The men were still following. I could hear their breathing and the grinding of their chains as they came over the roots after me. They were obliged to ride

single file now, and what a sight it must have been—three creatures flying madly over a narrow, dangerous path; the chase headed by a terrified, hapless girl!

I got off the embankment first—I fairly flew from it—and once again upon the high road, I "sprinted."

They were quite a way behind, now—I could scarcely hear them. The village! The village!

A light or two glimmered beyond the trees, and I could hear the distant twanging of a banjo or some other instrument.

I was just about to cry out, in my gratitude, "Saved!" when all at once, *bzt! bzt!* sounded from beneath me, and instantly my hind tire went flat.

Then I knew it was all over; the game was up; and like the hunted fox I was run to cover. The punctured tire could be urged no farther.

After all the dangers I had passed through—the hills, both up and down, the locomotive, the embankment, and with the village so near—I was lost! I simply dropped from the wheel. I let it fall, and I fell too. Nerveless, exhausted, almost too far gone to know or care, I lay upon the roadside and gasped for breath.

Let them take me to the lock-up. I didn't mind anything at that moment.

A rattle, a clash, then a cry of "At last!" and a pair of hands laid rough hold of me.

"Look here, you young thief, you're the dandiest rider this side of Jordan; but you're trapped at last, and perhaps you'll know enough not to make a racket under a fellow's window the next time you undertake to steal his wheel!"

I looked up meekly. My cap fell off, and my hair came tumbling down.

"What!" cried out the voice of my brother Hillary, but strange to me in its utter amazement. "Josie! My little sister Josie? Why, what under the sun does this mean?"

I fell into his arms, and tried to hide my face in his neck.

My other pursuer was Ronald Bates.

GIFTS.

By Gertrude Hall.

Far better than a great gift granted,
Is, to my thought,
A little gift not asked, not wanted,
From one that owes one naught.

Had I the giving of some great gift,
It should be spent
On one with never a hope to lift
To aught so magnificent.

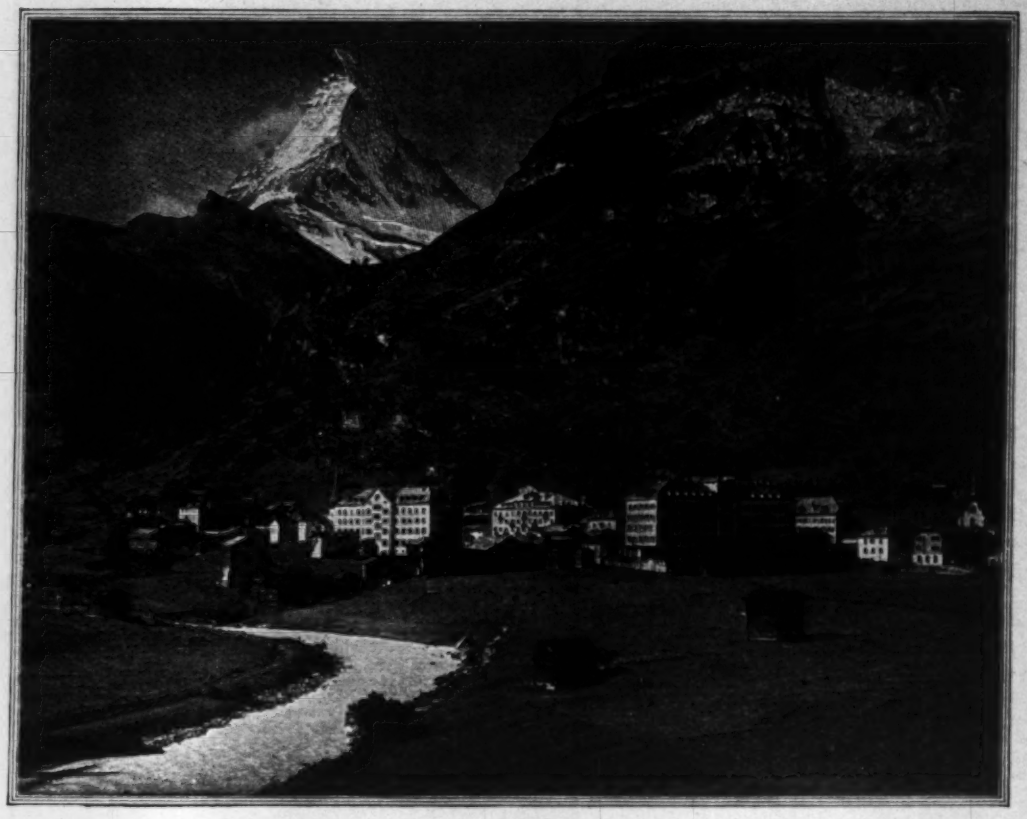
A WOMAN'S ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

By Annie S. Peck.

IT was early in the eighties that my attention was first called to the Matterhorn, by hearing Dr. David Jordan, now president of Leland Stanford University, describe his ascent of that mountain. He told a tale so terrible, that while my spirit was fired with a determination to see this wonderful rock pyramid if ever I went to Europe, I concluded that I should be satisfied with beholding it from below, without risking my life in its ascent. There was, however, a slight mental reservation in this decision; and when, in 1885, I first saw this magnificent rock towering above me, I was seized with an irresistible longing to attain its summit. It does, indeed, look rather formidable; yet, to one who has a taste for rock climbing, no other mountain seems so inviting. But alas! fifty dollars is a large sum to spend on a single day's pleasure; especially with a protracted stay abroad still in view. Unluckily, the idea of reimbursing myself by a lecture or a magazine article had not then dawned upon me; so I reluctantly turned my steps onward, cherishing the determination that some day I would come again and fulfil my heart's desire.

Though its execution was long delayed, the purpose then formed was never abandoned; and joyfully I sailed, at last, over the sea, on my way to the goal of my ambition. The months of June and July were delightfully spent in the midst of the picturesque scenery of the Tyrol, while revisiting a decennial performance of the Passion Play discovered at Vorder Thiersee in 1885; but my thoughts were ever turning toward Switzerland. My promenades and mountain climbs were undertaken, not merely for their own sake, but as a preparation and training for the

THE AUTHOR EQUIPPED FOR THE CLIMB.



THE VILLAGE OF ZERMATT. THE MATTERHORN IN THE BACKGROUND.

greater task before me. The ascent of the Gross Glockner, one of the most difficult snow mountains of the Eastern Alps, was, however, of no especial advantage, save for the strengthening of the muscles from so many hours of climbing, and also of the nerves, by getting used to positions of danger. Monte Cristallo, one of the Dolomites, was a much better preparation for the Matterhorn. Here one has two hours of stiff rock climbing—stiff, that is, for a beginner—though the mountain is called neither difficult nor dangerous for experienced climbers who are absolutely free from giddiness. One spot, however, styled the Böse Platte, is harder than any on the Zermatt side of the Matterhorn.

At the Hotel Mont Cervin, in Zermatt, an imposing structure of six stories, I settle myself for an indefinite period, since the conquest of the Matterhorn, except by special good fortune, is not to be achieved in a day. The following morning not a trace of the grand old mountain was visible; but presently the veil of mist parted, disclosing the familiar outlines of that massive rock, clothed in its scanty garb of snow, from which it seemed to be shaking itself free, as if despising the pure white covering in which its neighbors contentedly repose, and proudly raising its uncovered head to the sun and stars. For a week or more the weather had been changeable and bad, so that the mountain was in no condition for climbing. Though nearly all the snows of winter at once slide from its steep slopes to the glaciers at the mountain's foot, it is nevertheless true that the irregular ragged rocks allow of the lodgment of a few inches of snow here and there, enough to make the footing insecure and the handholds uncomfortable, thus increasing the danger both of freezing the extremities and of unexpectedly glissading down the mountain side. Accordingly, it is a rule of the guides to wait at least four days after a fall of snow, until it has entirely disappeared from many places, and in others, by repeated thawings and freezings, has become hard and firm. As it almost always snows on the mountains when it rains in the valleys, and occasionally when it does not, it sometimes happens that a succession of showers at intervals of a few days renders the rock mountains dangerous for weeks at a time.

Such being the condition of things in early August, there was opportunity for a good rest and a little preliminary exercise before attempting the great climb.

A quaint little village is Zermatt, with its single narrow street running from north to south, parallel to the course of the stream. In the centre of the village is a pretty Catholic church with slender tower, whence the bells chime out for frequent service. In the little cemetery to the south, among the humbler headstones of native villagers, stands the monument erected to brave Michel Croz of Chamonix, than whom no finer guide ever trod the peaks of Switzerland. Through the incompetence of another, he perished upon the neighboring mountain. Thus for all time his death will serve as a warning to climbers to be sure not only of their own capabilities, but also of the skill of all the members of their party. Just outside the consecrated ground, but still within the shadow of the church, two granite coffins mark the burial places of two other victims of the first Matterhorn tragedy. Beneath the names of Hudson and Hadow we read the inscriptions, "Yea, Father, for so it was well pleasing in thy sight," and "Be ye also ready." Here, too, are the graves of one who fell while gathering flowers on the Riffelhorn, another who perished in a crevasse of the Findelen glacier, and a third whose death occurred upon the Lyskamm. Nearer to the entrance of the village, opposite the Hotel Mont Cervin, is the English chapel, crowded every Sunday in the height of the season with worshippers. One side of this church also is lined with the graves of those who have perished in later accidents—victims of the Lyskamm, the Dent Blanche, and other mountains in the neighborhood. The inscriptions are read annually by thousands, so that those who are buried here are in a manner immortalized. The record thus preserved is calculated to inspire even the stout-hearted with dread. Accordingly, though well aware of their existence, I postponed a special visit to the graves until after returning from my mountain climb.

The narrow street of Zermatt usually wears a lively aspect. Occasionally, in good weather, one may see a genuine mountaineer setting off with his guides for some great climb; often parties on foot or mule-back, arriving or departing on the ordinary excursions of the tourist. Omnibuses hurry back and forth to the station, loungers wander idly to and fro, while the busy shopper rushes in and out of the little doorways which line the ill-paved street, opening into shops where a complete outfit, whether of eatables or wearing apparel, may be obtained by the unprovided climber, or where the tourist may purchase in endless variety pretty trinkets and souvenirs of this famous mountain resort.

No busier man can be found than the shoemaker, who will in a few days manufacture a pair of heavy mountain shoes, or in a few hours make over your old ones so that you will not know that you have ever seen them before. Nowhere else do the shoemakers so well understand the mountain trade. Sir William Conway, who on a particularly cold and windy day in 1894 made the ascent of Monte Rosa, wearing a pair of shoes just made for him in Zermatt, said that for the first time in his life under such conditions his feet were warm. Well they might be; for the wise cobbler had provided the uppers with three thicknesses of leather, while the soles were heavy in proportion. Though I had procured in America heavy boots especially for climbing, almost the first words of my guide in Zermatt were, "You must have some new shoes;" and he took me at once to the shoemaker. That busy man, however, said he would make over these. He placed a new layer of leather outside the other all around the lower part of the boot, added a heavy tap extending from toe to heel, and the heel itself he lowered and broadened. Now, surely, I thought myself well shod. What, then, was my astonishment, after climbing several mountains, at hearing my guide and an experienced English climber remark that those shoes were not half heavy enough; and that if I did any more climbing I must have some new ones. Of course the entire soles were decorated with large-headed nails, to give a more secure footing on rock and snow.

In addition to shoes, one must often procure new woollen stockings, as the guide interests himself in these also, and yours are likely not to pass his examination, your own ideas on the subject being probably as crude as in the matter of boots. If the guide is a thoroughly careful one, he will question you further as to your underwear, which must be of heavy woollen. He looks after the covering of your hands, for which large assortments of knitted gloves and mittens are provided—the former better for holding on to rocks or ropes; the latter generally preferred for warmth. Most ladies, for high climbing, wear knickerbockers, either with or without a

short skirt. A heavy sweater is usually comfortable. For the head, in addition to the broad-brimmed hat, a felt helmet or a woollen hood should be worn; at least carried. Sometimes the day is so warm as to render such extras superfluous on the top of the highest mountain; and again the wind howls with so bitter a blast that it seems to be arriving from the North Pole, and one's face, nose, and ears, if not well protected, would be frozen in a few minutes. A black woollen hood which completely enveloped my head and neck, save for the openings for sight and breath, I found most comfortable on the Breithorn, though unnecessary on the other mountains.

Then there is the ice-axe, an indispensable weapon, which in difficult snow-climbing takes the place of the alpenstock. Black spectacles and a veil, preferably white, must not be forgotten, if one wishes to avoid snow-blindness and utter ruin for one's complexion. One feels quite important while making these purchases, and much above the vulgar throng of ordinary tourists. In addition to the veil some salve for the face is requisite. A flask of brandy is a necessary precaution even for the teetotaller; cakes of chocolate are a convenient article for luncheon; condensed soup done up in capsules makes a nice bouillon; and altogether nothing is wanting for the safety and comfort of the traveller.

While waiting for his Majesty to wear a gracious and accessible mood, I decided on a preliminary climb of the Breithorn—sometimes called the Ladies' Mountain—which was valuable merely as muscular training. A few days later, as the weather continued unpropitious for the Matterhorn, in company with a charming young English girl, I made the ascent of the Wellen Kuppe, which includes a pretty bit of rock climbing along a narrow *arête* with precipices a thousand feet deep on either side, and is excellent training for the Matterhorn.

It was after a fortnight's waiting at its foot that the lion showed signs of being tractable and fine weather really set in. Then came the difficult question whether to improve the earliest possible moment, for fear of another snow storm, or to wait a day or two longer, till the condition of the mountain was still better and the risk decreased to the minimum. With much trepidation and anxiety lest the beautiful weather should not hold, we decided upon the latter course; and finally, on the morning of August 20th, we set off for the great climb.

My leading guide, Jean Baptiste Aymonod, who was kindly recommended to me by Dr. David Jordan, ranks as one of the finest in Switzerland. His name frequently occurs in "The Alps from End to End," a new book by Sir William Conway, with whom he filled a two months' engagement in 1894. Aymonod, the personification of prudence and judgment, is also unusually obliging and pleasant. He was assisted by Silvain Pession, a youth of twenty-five summers, a splendid specimen of physical strength, equally agreeable and accommodating, and capable of acting as leading guide on the most difficult mountains. With such companions, who insist upon all suitable precautions, one who is himself competent has no cause for fear.

It is the custom to devote two days to the climbing of mountains of any considerable height, both in order that the fatigue may be lessened, and that the snow and ice may be traversed as early in the day as possible, before the heat of the sun has rendered snow slopes treacherous and snow bridges insecure. We proceed in a leisurely manner, walking in the morning up to the Schwarz-see Hotel, which is situated on a broad shoulder of the great mountain, two or three hours above the village. The path at first winds along the bank of the Visp, then ascends through a pleasant wood; and later, leaving the trees behind, in many curves climbs the steep slope, where, though the sun may be warm, the air from the glaciers is cool and bracing. The hotel, where we enjoy our luncheon, has a broad covered piazza on the south, protected by glass windows. Here one may bask in the sunshine nearly all day, enjoying a view of the grand old mountain and its glaciers, the latter invisible from below, while in other directions there is a glorious panorama of mountains whose proximity is undreamed of in the valley. Although we have ascended nearly three thousand feet, the Matterhorn appears grander and more lofty, than before, remaining by far the most impressive object in our broader horizon.

After luncheon, having taken a look through the telescope, I amuse myself by chronicling my sensations before the event, lest in subsequent elation over victory they should be forgotten. While it seems to be the unanimous opinion of the thousands who yearly behold it, that the Matterhorn is a terrible mountain, to some it is fascinating in its sublimity, to others re-

pellant. The majority, however, are content to admire from a distance. Often one hears the exclamation, "Well, *I* don't want to go up."

Although one is not inclined to be timid or nervous, it is, nevertheless, a trifle depressing to receive letters full of expostulation and entreaty. "If you are determined to commit suicide, why not come home and do so in a quiet, lady-like manner? Not a moment's peace have I known since I learned that you were to attempt that terrible mountain." This is especially disagreeable if the same person has persisted in the same notion for ten years. You may never have any presentiments yourself, or if you do, you laugh them to scorn; still we all know that *other* people occasionally have one that comes true.

During the weeks of waiting I sometimes wonder if I am destined to meet an untimely end; if I shall slip (but then my guides can surely hold me); if I am strong enough to support my own weight upon the ropes; if a falling stone will hit me on the head, or, still worse, one of the guides, who may fall and drag me down also.

My guides are not particularly reassuring. They turn up their noses at the mountains in the Tyrol. (I have discovered that all guides like to regard their own mountains as the most difficult.) Aymonod at the last moment advises me to do another mountain first, and says he will not guarantee my arriving at the summit. I declare that I shall *not* do another mountain, and, weather permitting, I *will* arrive at the summit. I recall the fact that a number of ladies have already made the ascent, and see no reason why I should not as well. And when, about four o'clock, we actually depart for the hut, waving an adieu to the friends who have come so far to see me off, it is with a light and courageous heart that I enter upon the way, and not the slightest apprehension of danger annoys me henceforth.

The path passes the little Black Lake, after which the hotel is named, and, surmounting a ridge, comes down to the Hörnli Lake, larger and prettier. Then it ascends the higher ridge of Hörnli, a conspicuous feature from below. Upon reaching the summit of this *arête*, or ridge, we proceed for a considerable distance along its edge, having a fine view of the glaciers on either side at the base of the pyramid. Later we enjoy a steep rock climb, arriving about six at the hut, which to our sorrow seems already to be pretty well occupied. Our grief is increased by the subsequent arrival of several others, for the limited accommodations render sleep or comfort improbable.

The cabin is situated a little south of the summit of the ridge, but a few rods from its juncture with the great pyramid. The ground floor has two rooms. The first serves as kitchen, dining-room, and sleeping-apartment for the guides; the other, as the resting-place of the travellers. The former contains a diminutive stove in one corner, a small table with benches on either side, and a sort of shelf or wide berth covered with straw, which extends the whole length of the room and may accommodate five or six persons. A few stones projecting from the partition wall make a rough stairway leading to the attic above, where those guides must sleep for whom there is not sufficient accommodation below. In the other room there is a similar shelf, or berth, covered with mattresses and a few heavy blankets for the use of the climbers. When we arrive some of the earlier comers are eating supper, and we must wait until they have finished in order to have the use of the table and stove.

Supper over, we stroll out for a look at the sunset. There are no clouds to give gorgeous coloring, but in the fading light the mountains stand out distinct, solemn, and lovely. Our attention is distracted from the landscape by seeing several figures descending the mountain. They are two ladies with their guides, who have just traversed the mountain, coming up from the Italian side, and descending on this, the Zermatt, side. A little later they arrive at the hut, where they pause a few moments in the twilight, on their way down to the Schwarz-see Hotel. One of these ladies, with whom I spoke a word or two, was to meet her death the following week as she was crossing the Trift Joch on her way from Zermatt to the Zinal Valley, whence she intended to traverse the Rothhorn back to Zermatt, as she had previously traversed the Matterhorn. This, one of eighteen fatal accidents that occurred in the Alps last summer, was, like most of the others, due to carelessness, or a lack of prudence, which seems much the same thing. The Trift Joch is considered dangerous on account of its liability to falling stones. It should therefore be crossed early in the morning, before the sun has melted the snow, thus loosening the stones on the slopes above. This party were several hours too late. It was

between ten and eleven o'clock when, as they were near the top of the *col*, a mass of rocks suddenly fell from the cliff above, one of which struck Miss Sampson on the back of her neck, crushing her spine. The other three almost miraculously escaped injury. One of the guides bore Miss Sampson away from the immediate scene of the accident, but within an hour she breathed her last in the midst of the snow-fields and mountains she loved so well. Three days later she was buried, according to her wish, in the little churchyard at Zermatt, where so many other victims were already laid. There seems to be a peculiar fascination about this spot. I had left the same message with a friend before starting on this climb.

By eight o'clock the climbers turn in; that is, they dispose themselves in a row upon the shelf; in one corner the three ladies, then the men. The presence of eight persons necessitates close packing, naturally recalling sardines; and the query is raised whether sardines are laid on their backs or sides, since here there is not sufficient room for each person to rest upon his back, which probably accounts for the little snoring heard during the night. After the usual amount of nonsense the noise is subsiding, when a late comer appears. Since it is absolutely impossible to make a place for him in the row, he takes his position across the foot of the shelf. The nine preserve a good degree of quiet, and some by their regular breathing announce their speedy departure to the Land of Nod. But when the stir begins, soon after midnight, most of the number declare that they have slept little or none.

The breakfasts are prepared by the guides in turn, mine being the last, as Aymonod is determined to start last, in order that we may end the procession on the way down, and thus experience the least danger from falling stones, which careless climbers are apt to dislodge when descending. Moreover, he does not enjoy climbing with a lantern, and did not wish to go too far before daylight. Accordingly it was nearly half-past three when we left the cabin, having been first roped together.

Aymonod goes ahead, lantern and ice-axe in hand, and with the cord, nearly an inch in diameter, tightly knotted round his waist. He generally has a coil or two thrown over his shoulder, and holds the end toward me in his left hand. In the middle of the rope a slip-knot has been formed, and pulled fast around my waist; while Pession, at the end of the rope, brings up the rear. As a rule, on this mountain, each person has two guides, though experts sometimes have but two for two persons, and rarely a stray man goes up with only one. In either of these cases, the risk is vastly greater, and most persons prefer to pay the cost of two guides rather than double the risk of their lives.

The walk by early candle-light is novel and interesting. The path now leads over rough rocks with occasional patches of snow; then, barely six inches wide, crosses an unpleasantly smooth and steep slope, at the foot of which we see the Furggen glacier, several hundred feet below. One hardly appreciates the exposed situations, however, as the attention is necessarily concentrated upon one's footsteps; and it is only on the way down that one fully realizes the dangers of the path that has been traversed in the gloom. For a short distance we walk in the starlight on the glacier, the great cliffs of the Matterhorn towering on our right, and then we really begin to climb along the steep pathway which zigzags upward on the east face of the mountain to the northeast *arête*, on or near which the route lies the remainder of the way to the summit. Half an hour above the hut we are surprised to find a gentleman and two guides, who had traversed the mountain the day before, encamped under an overhanging rock. Being overtaken by darkness on the way down, they were spending the night here. Whether they were afraid to descend by candle and star light over the route by which we were ascending, or whether the gentleman, who was apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, was too exhausted to advance farther, we did not pause to inquire. But Aymonod characterized their procedure as highly dangerous, declaring that a change of weather might have occasioned the death of one, if not all, of the party.

At last the candle is blown out, and by half-past four we are proceeding in the gray dawn. Being on the wrong side of the ridge, we have no glimpses of the rising sun, but I can spare an occasional glance at the delicate tints of the clouds on the Furggen Joch below and at the progress of light on the snow mountains in our rear. Meanwhile we have overtaken a stout Englishman, who pauses to let us go by—a stalwart man of forty, who does not seem to take naturally to climbing. On our way down we met him a long distance below the summit, where he

arrived about noon. His leading guide subsequently told me that the man seemed utterly incompetent. The guide would say: "Now put your right foot there and your left there," and he would plant his foot directly between. At the Shoulder the guide urged him to return, telling him that they could not possibly get down again before dark, but the man only said: "I *will* go! I *will* go!" So they continued to the summit; but it was eleven o'clock at night before they returned to the Schwarz-see Hotel, when the Englishman was so exhausted that he could hardly stand, and had to be fed with bouillon and champagne. Yet he at first insisted on returning to Zermatt the same night, but was finally overruled. Such persons are unfit to climb so difficult a mountain. If bad weather had supervened, or if so heavy and clumsy a man had slipped, the death of the whole party would have been the probable result.

About half-past five we arrive at the old upper hut, now disused and filled with ice. Its position is considered insecure, as it is thought that this entire ledge will tumble off some day. Here are some of our predecessors, just finishing their meal, and we also halt for our second breakfast. At this point a portion of the provisions and all other superfluities are left behind, as now the way becomes more difficult. My ice-axe, by the advice of the guides, had been laid aside far below, and we see others deposited in various places along the route. One of the guides, however, carries his for our use on the snow slopes above, having slung it across his shoulders, so that he can use both hands in climbing. From this point up to the so-called Shoulder, a narrow projecting ridge covered with snow, the way winds along the northeast *arête*, generally on its left, or east, side, but sometimes directly on its edge, or at the right, so that the glaciers of the northern slope are also visible. We proceed very comfortably, finding nothing in the least alarming, though possibly some persons might call it so, to be able to look down upon either side for a distance of several thousand feet, at angles varying from forty to seventy or eighty degrees. The grade, too, is rather steep; sometimes perpendicular. But the rocks are irregular, and there is usually a fair foot and hand hold in the so-called "chimneys." On one occasion only, under such conditions, did I fail to find a projection that I could grasp with my hands, when Aymonod promptly said: "Take hold of the rope," which he was then holding firmly. This I did, and in a moment was standing beside him. In all places of especial difficulty Aymonod, as is customary, scrambles up before. I wait until he is firmly fixed, and make my way up after, while he is holding the rope tight and hauling it in as I advance. Then perhaps we both pause for the guide in the rear to follow, Aymonod grasping the rope beyond me so that if the rear guard should slip, the pull will not drag me off my feet, but will come on the strong arm of the leading guide. Usually, however, the rear guard scrambles up without such precaution, thus avoiding unnecessary delay.

A little above the second hut is a precipitous ledge called the Moseley Platte, a place where some years ago Dr. Moseley of Boston slipped and fell, sliding down to the glacier three thousand feet below. This was one of the worst cases of foolhardiness on record. On the way down, Dr. Moseley had insisted upon having the rope untied, contrary to regulations. Five minutes after, he slipped, and all for him was over.

Of course one is so situated during a large part of the time that if one should slip and was not held by the rope, he would slide two, three, or four thousand feet down to one of the glaciers on either side. This, however, is not properly called dangerous. A place is dangerous, in the mountaineering sense, where a good climber cannot be secure of his footing. A place is *not* dangerous where a slip would prove fatal, if such that a good climber is in no danger of slipping. This was the state of affairs on the Matterhorn on the day of my ascent. There was no point where there was any occasion for a slip on the part of an experienced climber, except the places that were guarded by ropes, and here these were a sufficient safeguard. On the other hand, when some of the rocks are covered with a few inches of snow and others are encased with a thin coating of ice, there is real danger all along the route; and however careful one may be to set out only under the most favorable conditions, a sudden change of weather when he is near the summit may render his descent extremely perilous. A spot called Burkhardt's Ledge is a reminder of such a possibility. A snow storm overtook the party near the summit, and in ten hours they succeeded in descending only as far as one would ordinarily come in two. Here they remained over night. In the morning Mr. Burkhardt was too exhausted

to proceed. His friend and the two guides went off and left him, and when assistance arrived a few hours later, he was dead. Others, however, have descended in safety under similar conditions, but Mr. Burkhardt is said to have been insufficiently clad, to have been an inexperienced climber, and to have had incompetent and untrustworthy guides.

A short distance below the Shoulder is the site of another fatal accident, where a slip of one member of the party caused the fall of Mr. Glarz and his two guides to the Matterhorn glacier, which in 1865 had received three of the victims of the first Matterhorn tragedy.

The long snow slope at the Shoulder we find in splendid condition. Steps have been cut by preceding climbers, the snow is hard and firm, and there is a fine large rope extending over the whole distance. It is a little awkward to grasp the rope at this moderate angle; still the snow is easily and safely traversed. One writer calls the Shoulder a fearful spot, and speaks of going over the *arête* beyond, sometimes on hands and knees, sometimes astride. At that time the rocks had a thin coating of snow and ice, which rendered such methods of locomotion along the sharp and narrow *arête* desirable, if not necessary. Now, however, it was destitute of these unpleasant accessories, so that in walking across I did not feel the need of the proffered hand of my guide.

Not far from the Shoulder is a rocky ledge affording sufficient space to sit down, where a second halt for refreshment is made, and the remainder of our eatables deposited until our return; the rule "Eat little and often" being a wise one to follow on a difficult climb.

Soon after, we reach what would be the most dangerous part of the journey, if the whole distance were not hung with ropes. I had received various reports of its difficulty, some declaring that there were chains to be mounted hand over hand; others, that it was all as easy as possible. My own experience was that this was the nicest part of the climb. The ropes, with two exceptions, seemed new and strong, and in two places there were iron chains in addition. Then I had always the additional support of the rope around my waist, if one of the others had broken or the fastening staple given way. So one at a time we scrambled up the rocks with ease and rapidity, though the incline was from forty to eighty degrees, mostly eighty, and the rocks so smooth that it would have been disagreeable to ascend them without such assistance. There were, in fact, no secure hand or foot holds, yet our nail-studded soles could gain enough support from the rock to be of material assistance by relieving our arms of some portion of our weight. The distance thus covered by ropes is probably one or two hundred yards. At the right of this point, where the slope is less steep, the first party ascended; but it is easier to climb a really precipitous ledge with the aid of a rope than a moderate incline. It was there that young Hadow fell, dragging three of his companions to death four thousand feet below.

Having surmounted the steepest place by means of the ropes, we pass to the right of the *arête*, since at the left the cliff is so steep that it actually overhangs. Now we advance over an easier grade of rocks, more or less sprinkled with snow, until we arrive about half-past nine at the summit. It was, indeed, a moment of satisfaction to stand at last upon this famous peak, fourteen thousand seven hundred and five feet above the sea. The most dangerous and tiresome part of the journey was yet before me, but the ascent had proved so easy that I felt no apprehension, and enjoyed to the full the magnificent prospect before us. The summit is a narrow ridge about three hundred feet long, the highest point of which, the Swiss summit, is not far from the east end. Here I stood and waved to the friends below who I knew were watching through the telescope at the Mount Cervin. My arrival at the summit, I afterwards learned, was celebrated by an earthquake, which we did not feel at all, but which gave a slight shock at Zermatt at the moment of my arrival above.

It was Aymonod's twenty-seventh ascent of the Matterhorn, and the best, he said, that he had ever made. There was no wind even on the summit, the weather was comfortably warm, the mountain in excellent condition, and the prospect the finest he had ever witnessed. In addition to the familiar neighboring peaks which one sees from the Schwarz-see and the Gorner Grat, the snowy Dent Blanche, the rocky peaks of the Gabelhorn, and Rothhorn, the beautiful sharp Weisshorn, the lofty Mischabel Horns and the great snowy masses which cover and surround Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Breithorn, and the beautiful twins Castor and Pollux, we behold the Maritime and Graian Alps, the western ranges of the Tyrol, the Jungfrau and its neighbors in the Bernese Oberland,

and the massive summit of royal Mont Blanc. Near at hand, though far below, green valleys, dusky woods, dark lakes, and verdant slopes appear among the lofty pyramids, towers, and battlements of rock and snow; in the distance, row upon row of hoary mountain peaks rise like the waves of the sea, desolate, grand, and imposing; while a bed of fleecy white clouds beneath, stretching away toward the south, adds variety and charm to the glorious panorama.

But I fancy I hear some one inquiring, "Well, did it pay?" to which the following incident seems apropos. An American gentleman last summer asked an Englishman who had just made the ascent of the Matterhorn to tell him about it. "Why," replied the Englishman, "there is nothing to tell. I went up, and then I came down again, and that is all there is of it."

"But," said the American, still hoping to extract some information, "what kind of a view did you have?"

"View!" answered the Englishman. "View! I didn't look at the view! Climbers go for the climb; they don't go for the view!"

While the folly of the Englishman in not looking at the view is as undeniable as exceptional, he was undoubtedly right in his statement that climbers go not for the view, but for the climb; so that the question "Did it pay?" which generally follows an assertion that the view was magnificent, is wholly inappropriate. Would the enjoyment of any view, however beautiful, for ten or for thirty minutes, compensate for toiling twelve or fifteen hours, sleeping on a board shelf, rising at unseemly hours, being deprived of ordinary fare, suffering with cold or heat, to say nothing of possible risk of life, if these things were regarded as hardships to be endured only for the sake of the view which might possibly be gained from some mountain top? Yet such a climb is enjoyable, not simply for the exercise, varied and exciting though it be, and for the elation which victory inspires; but also for the intimate acquaintance thus gained with the mountain. Familiarity with tremendous cliffs, glaciers, and snow slopes does not breed contempt. Every moment of the day the grandeur of the scene is an inspiration which culminates only at the summit.

A half hour has quickly passed, and reluctantly we turn our steps downward; yet we prefer to cross the snow slopes before they have grown too soft, and to take no risk of being benighted on this rocky pyramid. The descent in the main is uneventful, the ropes again proving the most interesting portion of the way. Here, as I was allowing myself almost to slide down a rope, not taking pains every time to get a secure footing, I suddenly lost my footing altogether, and swung around with my back to the face of the cliff to a point where one *might* have dropped as far as young Hadow. My only thought as I dangled in mid-air was of vexation that I should have slipped at all; for my grip of the hanging rope was perfectly good, and a little pull from Aymonod, on the rope around my waist, brought me back to where I belonged. The utmost caution was really employed by all, and I was gratified by making no slip where it was of the slightest consequence. We arrived at the hut about four o'clock, having consumed as much time in the descent as in the ascent, the ordinary proportion in difficult rock climbing; though some persons go down more rapidly, and others more slowly, than they have gone up. The guides gathered up such of our belongings as we had left here, among others my skirt, which I preferred to dispense with during the climb, and after a short rest we continued down to the Schwarz-see Hotel, where we arrived in time for the six o'clock dinner. With a little effort on the part of the guides we might easily have reached Zermatt at the same hour; even then I could have descended in time for the second *table d hôte;* but having decided to take the matter easily, I dismiss my guides and remain over night at the Schwarz-see Hotel, returning comfortably to Zermatt the following morning, full of delightful recollections of my perfect day on the Matterhorn, slightly indignant with those friends who had marred my otherwise joyful anticipations by their foolish forebodings, and hoping that I may be able to do it again some day.

"OUT OF THUN."

By Robert Barr,

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," etc.

I.

BESSIE'S BEHAVIOR.

On one point Miss Bessie Durand agreed with Alexander von Humboldt; in fact she even went farther than that celebrated man, for while he asserted that Thun was one of the three most beautiful spots on earth, Bessie held that this Swiss town was absolutely the most perfectly lovely place she had ever visited. Her reason for this conclusion differed from that of Humboldt. The latter, being a mere man, had been influenced by the situation of the town, the rapid foaming river, the placid green lake, the high mountains all around and the snow peaks to the east, the ancient castle overlooking everything, and the quaint streets with the pavements up at the first floors.

Bessie had an eye for all these things, of course, but while waterfalls and profound ravines were all very well in their way, her hotel had to be filled with the right sort of company before any spot on earth was entirely satisfactory to Bessie. She did not care to be out of humanity's reach, nor to take her small journeys alone; she liked to hear the sweet music of speech, and if she started at the sound of her own, Bessie would have been on the jump all day, for she was a brilliant and effusive talker.

So it happened that in touring through Switzerland, Bessie and her mother (somehow people always placed Bessie's name before that of her mother, who was a quiet little unobtrusive woman) stopped at Thun intending to stay but a day, as most people do, but when Bessie found the big hotel simply swarming with nice young men, she told her mother that the local guide book asserted that Humboldt had once said Thun was one of the three most lovely places on earth and therefore they ought to stay there and enjoy its beauties, which they at once proceeded to do.

The young men at the big hotel in Thun were clad mostly in knickerbockers, and many of them had alpenstocks of their own. It soon became their delight to sit on the terrace in front of the hotel during the pleasant summer evenings and relate to Bessie their hair-breadth escapes, the continuous murmur of the river Aare forming a soothing chorus to their dramatic narrations. At least a dozen young men hovered around the girl, willing and eager to confide in her; but while Bessie was smiling and kind to them all, it was soon evident that some special one was her favorite, and then the rest hung hopelessly back. Things would go wonderfully well for this lucky fellow for a day or two, and he usually became so offensively conceited in his bearing towards the rest, that the wonder is he escaped without personal vengeance being wreaked upon him. Then all at once he would pack up his belongings, and gloomily depart for Berne or Interlaken, depending on whether his ultimate destination was west or east.

It came to be currently reported in the hotel that Bessie had refused no less than seven of the young men who had been staying there, and as these young men had one after another packed up and departed either by the last train at night or the earliest in the morning, the proprietor began to wonder what the matter was, especially as each of the departing guests had but a short time before expressed renewed delight with the hotel and its surroundings. Several of them had stated to the proprietor that they had abandoned their intention of proceeding further with their Swiss tour, so satisfied were they with Thun and all its belongings.

Among the guests there was one young fellow who was quite as much perplexed as the proprietor. Archie Severance was one

of the last to fall under the spell of Bessie, if indeed it is correct to speak of Archie falling at all. He was a very deliberate young man, not given to doing anything precipitously, but there is no doubt that the charming personality of Bessie fascinated him, although he seemed to content himself with admiring her at a distance. Bessie somehow did not seem to care about being admired from a distance, and once when Archie was promenading back and forth on the terrace above the river, she smiled sweetly at him from her book and he sat down beside her. Jimmy Wellman had gone that morning, and the rest had not yet found it out. Jimmy had so completely monopolized Miss Durand for the last few days that no one else had had a chance, but now that he had departed, Bessie sat alone on the terrace, which was a most unusual state of things.

"They tell me," said Bessie in her most flattering manner, "that you are a famous climber and that you have been to the top of the Matterhorn."

"Oh, not famous; far from it," said Archie modestly. "I have been up the Matterhorn three or four times, but then women and children make that ascent nowadays, so that is nothing unusual."

"I am sure you must have had some thrilling escapes," continued Bessie, looking with admiration at Archie's stalwart frame. "Mr. Wellman had an awful experience. . . ."

"Yesterday?" interrupted Archie. "I hear he left early this morning."

"No, not yesterday," said Miss Durand coldly, drawing herself up with some indignation; but as she glanced sideways at Mr. Severance, that young man seemed so innocent that she thought perhaps he meant nothing in particular by his remark. So after a slight pause Bessie went on again. "It was a week ago. He was climbing the Stockhorn, and all at once the clouds surrounded him."

"And what did Jimmy do? Waited till the clouds rolled by, I suppose."

"Now, Mr. Severance, if you are going to laugh at me, I shall not talk to you any more."

"I assure you, Miss Durand, I was not laughing at you. I was laughing at Jimmy. I never regarded the Stockhorn as a formidable peak. It is something like seven thousand one hundred and ninety-five feet high, I believe, not to mention the inches."

"But surely, Mr. Severance, you know very well that the danger of a mountain does not necessarily bear any proportion to its altitude above the sea."

"That is very true. I am sure that Jimmy himself, with his head in the clouds, has braved greater dangers at much lower levels than the top of the Stockhorn."

Again Miss Durand looked searchingly at the young man beside

"SOME SPECIAL ONE WAS HER FAVORITE, AND THEN THE REST HUNG HOPELESSLY BACK."

her, but again Archie was gazing dreamily at the curious bell-shaped summit of the mountain under discussion. The Stockhorn stands out nobly head and shoulders above its fellows, when viewed from the hotel terrace at Thun. There was silence for a few moments between the two, and Bessie said to herself that she did not at all like this exceedingly self-possessed young man who seemed to look at the mountains in preference to gazing at her; which was against the natural order of things. It was evident that Mr. Severance needed to be taught a lesson, and Bessie, who had a good deal of justifiable confidence in her own powers as a teacher, resolved to give him the necessary instruction.

"I do so love to hear of narrow escapes," said Bessie confidently. "I think it is so inspiring to hear of human courage and endurance being pitted against the dangers of the Alps and coming out victorious."

"Yes, they usually come out victorious according to the accounts that reach us, but then you know we never hear the mountain's side of the story."

"But surely, Mr. Severance," appealed Bessie, "you do not imagine that a real climber would exaggerate when telling of what he had done?"

"No. Oh no. I would not go so far as to say that he would exaggerate exactly, but I have known cases where . . . well . . . a sort of alpine glow came over a story, that, I must confess, improved it very much. Then again, curious mental transformations take place which have the effect of making a man what the vulgar term a liar. Some years ago a friend of mine came over here to do a few ascents, but he found sitting on the hotel piazza so much more to his taste that he sat there. I think myself that the veranda climber is the most sensible man of the lot of us, and if he has a good imagination there is no reason why he should be distanced by those you call real climbers when it comes to telling stories of adventures. Well, this man, who is a most truthful person, took one false step. You know some amateurs have a vile habit of getting the names of various peaks branded on their alpenstocks, just as if any real climber ever used an alpenstock."

"Why, what do they use?" asked Bessie, much interested.

"Ice-axes, of course. Now there is a useful individual in Interlaken who is what you might call a wholesale brander. He has the names of all the peaks done in iron at his shop, and if you take your alpenstock to him, he will, for a few francs, brand on it all the names it will hold, from the Ortler to Mount Blanc. My friend was weak enough to have all the climbs he intended to make branded on the alpenstock he bought the moment he entered Switzerland. They always buy an alpenstock the first thing. He never had the time to return to the mountains, but gradually he came to believe that he had made all the ascents recorded by fire and iron on his pole. He is a truthful man on every other topic than Switzerland."

"But you must have had some very dangerous experiences among the Alps, Mr. Severance. Please tell me of the time you were in the greatest peril."

"I am sure it would not interest you."

"Oh, it would, it would. Please go on, and don't require so much persuasion. I am just longing to hear the story."

"It isn't much of a story, because, you see, there is no alpine glow about it."

Archie glanced at the girl, and it flashed across his mind that he was probably then in the greatest danger he had ever been in, in his life. She bent forward toward him, her elbows on her knees, and her chin —such a pretty chin—in her hands. Her eyes were full upon him, and Archie had sense enough to realize that there was danger in their clear, pellucid depths; so he, too, turned his own from them and sought refuge in his old friend the Stockhorn.

"I think the narrowest escape I ever had was about two weeks ago. I went up . . ."

"With how many guides?" interrupted Bessie breathlessly.

"With none at all," answered Archie with a laugh.

"Isn't that very unsafe? I thought one always should have a guide."

"Sometimes guides are unnecessary. I took none on this occasion because I only ascended as far as the Chateau in Thun, some three hundred feet above where we are sitting, and as I went by the main street of the town, the climb was perfectly safe in all weathers. Besides there is generally a policeman about."

"Oh," said the girl, sitting up suddenly very straight. Archie was looking at the mountains, and did not see the hot anger surge up into her face.

"You know the steps leading down from the castle; they are covered in, and are very dark when one comes out of the bright sunlight. Some fool had been eating an orange there, and had carelessly thrown

the peel on the steps. I did not notice it, and so trod on a bit. The next thing I knew I was in a heap at the foot of that long stairway, thinking every bone in my body was broken. I had many bruises, but no hurt that was serious; nevertheless I never had such a fright in my life, and I hope never to have such another." Bessie rose up with much dignity.

"I am obliged to you for your recital, Mr. Severance," she said freezingly. "If I do not seem to appreciate it as much as I should, it is perhaps because I am not accustomed to being laughed at."

"I assure you, Miss Durand, that I am not laughing at you, and that this pathetic incident was anything but a laughing matter to me. The Stockhorn has no such danger lying in wait for a man as a bit of orange peel on a dark and steep stairway. Please do not be offended with me. I told you my stories have no alpine glow about them, but the danger is undoubtedly there."

Archie had risen to his feet, but there was no forgiveness in Miss Durand's eyes as she bade him "Good afternoon" and went into the hotel, leaving him standing there.

During the week that followed, Archie had little chance of making his peace with Miss Durand, for in that week the Sanderson episode had its beginning, its rise, and its culmination. Charlie Sanderson, emboldened by the sudden departure of Wellman, became the constant attendant of Bessie, and everything appeared to be in his favor until the evening he left. That evening the two strolled along the walk that borders the north side of the river, leading to the lake. They said they were going to see the alpine glow on the snow mountains, but nobody believed that, for the glow can be seen quite as well from the terrace in front of the hotel. Be that as it may, they came back together shortly before eight o'clock, Bessie looking her prettiest, and Sanderson with a black frown on his face, evidently in the worst of tempers. He flung his belongings into a bag, and departed on the eight-forty train for Berne. As Archie met the pair, Bessie actually smiled very sweetly upon him, while Sanderson glared as if he had never met Severance before.

"That episode is evidently ended," said Archie to himself as he continued his walk toward Lake Thun. "I wonder if it is pure devilment that induces her to lead people on to a proposal and then drop them. I suppose Charlie will leave now, and we shall have no more games of billiards. I wonder why they all seem to think it the proper thing to go away. I wouldn't. A woman is like a difficult peak: if you don't succeed the first time, you should try again. I believe I will try half a dozen proposals with Bessie myself. If I ever come to the point, she won't find it so easy to get rid of me as she does with all the rest."

Meditating thus, he sat down on a bench under the trees facing the lake. Archie wondered if the momentous question had been asked at this spot. It seemed just the place for it, and he noticed that the gravel on the path was much disturbed, as if by the iron-shod point of an agitated man's cane. Then he remembered that Sanderson was carrying an iron pointed cane. As Archie smiled and looked about him, he saw on the seat beside him a neat little morocco-bound book with a silver clasp. It had evidently slipped from the insecure dress pocket of a lady who had been sitting there. Archie picked it up, and turned it over and over in his hands. It is a painful thing to be compelled to make excuses for one of whom we would fain speak well, but it must be admitted that at this point in his life Severance did what he should not have done. He actually read the contents of the book, although he must have been aware before he turned the second leaf that what was there set down was meant for no eye save the writer's own. Archie excuses himself by maintaining that he had to read the book before he could be sure it belonged to anybody in particular, and that he opened it at first merely to see if there were a name or a card inside. But there is little doubt that the young man knew from the very first whose book it was, and he might at least have asked Miss Durand if it were hers before he opened it. However, there is little purpose in speculating on what might have been, and as the reading of the note-book led directly to the utterly unjustifiable action of Severance afterwards, as one wrong step invariably leads to another, the contents of the little volume are here given so that the reader of this tragedy may the more fully understand the situation.

II.

BESSIE'S CONFESSION.

AUGUST 1st.—The keeping of a diary is a silly fashion, and I am sure I would not

bother with one, if my memory were good and if I had not a great object in view. However, I do not intend this book to be more than a collection of notes that will be useful to me when I begin my novel. The novel is to be the work of my life, and I mean to use every talent I may have to make it unique and true to life. I think the New Woman novel is a thing of the past, and that the time has now come for a novel of the old sort, yet written with a fidelity to life such as has never been attempted by the old novelists. A painter or a sculptor uses a model while producing a great picture or a great statue. Why should not a writer use a model also? The motive of all great novels must be love, and the culminating point of a love story is the proposal. In no novel that I have ever read is the proposal well done. Men evidently do not talk much to each other about the proposals they make; therefore a man writer has merely his own experience to go upon, so his proposals have a sameness; his hero proposes just as he himself has done or would do. Women writers seem to have more imagination in this matter, but they describe a proposal as they would like it to be, and not as it actually is. I find that it is quite an easy thing to get a man to propose. I suppose I have a gift that way, and besides there is no denying the fact that I am handsome, and perhaps that is something of an aid. I therefore intend to write down in this book all my proposals, using the exact language the man employed, and thus I shall have the proposals in my novel precisely as they occurred. I shall also set down here any thoughts that may be of use to me as I write my book.

"HE SAW ON THE SEAT BESIDE HIM A NEAT LITTLE MOROCCO-BOUND BOOK."

August 2d.—I shall hereafter not date the notes in this book; that will make it look less like a diary, which I detest. We are in Thun, which is a lovely place. Humboldt, whoever he is or was, said it is one of the three prettiest spots on earth. I wonder what the names are of the other two. We intended to stay but one night at this hotel, but I see it is full of young men, and as all the women seem to be rather ugly and given to gossip, I think this is just the place for the carrying out of my ideas. The average young man is always ready to fall in love while on his vacation, it makes time pass so pleasantly; and as I read somewhere that a man as a general rule proposes fourteen times during his life, I may as well, in the interests of literature, be the recipient of some of those offers. I have hit on what I think is a marvellous idea. I shall arrange the offers with some regard to the scenery, just as I suppose a stage manager does. One shall propose by the river—there are lovely shady walks on both sides; another up in the mountains; another in the moonlight on the lake, in one of the pretty foreign-looking row-boats they have here, with striped awnings. I don't believe any novelist has ever thought of such a thing. Then I can write down a vivid description of the scenery in conjunction with the language the young man uses. If my book is not a success it will be because there are no discriminating critics in England.

First proposal. This came on rather unexpectedly. His name is Samuel Caldwell, and he is a curate, here for his health. He is not in the least in love with me, but he thinks he is, and so I suppose it comes to the same thing. He began by saying that I was the only one who ever understood his real aspirations, and that if I would join my lot with his he was sure we would not only bring happiness to ourselves, but to others as well. I told him gently that my own highest aspiration was to write a successful novel, and this horrified him, for he thinks novels are wicked. He has gone to Grindewald, where he thinks the air is more suitable for his lungs. I hardly count this as a proposal, and it took me so much by surprise that it was half over before I realized that it actually was an offer of his heart and hand. Besides it took place in the hotel garden, of all unlikely spots!

Second proposal. Richard King is a very nice fellow, and was tremendously in earnest. He says his life is blighted, but he will soon come to a different opinion at Interlaken, where, Margaret Dunn writes me, it is very gay and where Richard has gone. Last evening we strolled down by the lake, and he suggested that we should go out in a boat. He engaged one with two women to row, one sitting at the stern and the other standing at the prow, working great oars that looked like cricket bats. The women did not understand English, and we floated on the lake until the moon came up over the snow mountains. Richard leaned over and tried to take my hand, whispering in a low voice "Bessie." I confess I was rather in a flutter and could think of nothing better to say than "Sir!" in a tone of surprise and indignation. He went on very hurriedly.

"Bessie," he said, "we have known each other only a few days, but in those few days I have lived in paradise."

"Yes," I answered, gathering my wits about me, "Humboldt says Thun is one of the three——"

Richard interrupted me with something that sounded remarkably like "Hang Thun!" Then he went on and said I was all the world to him; that he could not live without me. I shook my head slowly, and did not reply. He spoke with a fluency that seemed to suggest practice, but I told him it could never be. Then he folded his arms, sitting moodily back in the boat, saying I had blighted his life. He did look handsome as he sat there in the moonlight with a deep frown on his brow, but I could not help thinking he sat back purposely so that the moonlight might strike his face. I wish I could write down the exact language he used, for he was very eloquent, but somehow I cannot bring myself to do it, even in this book. I am sure, however, that when I come to write my novel and turn up these notes I shall recall the words. Still, I intended to put down the exact phrases. I wish I could take notes at the time, but when a man is proposing he seems to want all your attention.

A fine, stalwart young man came to the hotel to-day, bronzed by mountain climbing. He looks as if he would propose in a manner not so much like all the rest. I have found that his name is Archibald Severance, and they say he is a great mountaineer. What a splendid thing a proposal on the high Alps would be from such a man, with the gleaming snow all around. I think I shall use that idea in the book.

Third, fourth, fifth, and sixth proposals. I must confess that I am amazed and disappointed with the men. Is there no such thing as originality among mankind? You would think they had all taken lessons from some proposing-master; they all have the same formula. The last four all began by calling me "Bessie" with the air of taking a great and important step in life. Mr. Wellman varied it a little by asking me to call him Jimmy, but the principle is just the same. I suppose this sameness is the result of our modern system of education. I am sure Archie would act differently. I am not certain that I like him, but he interests me more than any of the others. I was very angry with him a week ago. He knows it, but he doesn't seem to care. As soon as Charlie Sanderson proposes I will see what can be done with Archie Severance.

I like the name Archie. It seems to suit the young man exactly. I have been wondering what sort of scenery would accord best with Mr. Severance's proposal. I suppose a glacier would be about the correct thing, for I imagine Archie is rather cold and sneering when he is not in a very good humor. The lake would be too placid for his proposal, and when one is near the rapids one cannot hear what the man is saying. I think the Kohleren Gorge would be just the spot, it is so wild and romantic, with a hundred waterfalls dashing down the precipices. I must ask Archie if he has ever seen the Kohleren Falls. I suppose he will despise them because they are not up among the snow peaks.

III.

BESSIE'S PROPOSAL.

AFTER reading the book which he had no business to read, Archie closed the volume, fastened the clasp, and slipped it into his inside pocket. There was a meditative look in his eyes as he gazed over the blue lake.

"I can't return it to her—now," Archie said to himself. "Perhaps I should not have read it. So she is not a flirt after all, but merely uses us poor mortals as models." Archie sighed. "I think that's better than being a flirt—but I'm not quite sure. I suppose an author is justified in going to great lengths to insure the success of so important a thing as a book. It may

be that I can assist her with this tremendous work of fiction. I will think about it. But what am I to do about this little diary? I must think about that as well. I can't give it to her and say I did not read it, for I am such a poor hand at lying.

"Good heavens! I believe that is Bessie coming alone along the river bank. I'll wager she has missed the book and knows pretty accurately where she lost it. I'll place it where I found it and hide."

The line of trees along the path made it easy for Archie to carry out successfully his hastily formed resolution. He felt like a sneak, a feeling he thoroughly merited, as he dodged behind the trees and so worked his way to the main road. He saw Bessie march straight for the bench, pick up the book, and walk back towards the hotel, without ever glancing around, and her definite action convinced Archie that she had no suspicion that anyone had seen her book. This made the young man feel easier in his mind, and he swung along the Interlaken road towards Thun, flattering himself that no harm had been done. Nevertheless, he had resolved to revenge Miss Bessie's innocent victims, and as he walked, he turned plan after plan over in his mind. Vengeance would be all the more complete as the girl had no idea that her literary methods were known to anyone but herself.

For the next week Archie was very attentive to Bessie, and it must be recorded that the pretty young woman seemed to appreciate his devotion thoroughly and to like it. One morning, beautifully arrayed in walking costume, Bessie stood on the terrace, apparently scanning the sky as if anxious about the weather, but in reality looking out for an escort, the gossips said to each other as they sat under the awnings busy at needle-work and slander, for of course no such thought was in the young lady's mind. She smiled sweetly when Archie happened to come out of the billiard-room, but then she always greeted her friends in a kindly manner.

"Are you off for a walk this morning?" asked Archie, in the innocent tone of one who didn't know and really desired the information.

"Yes," said Bessie with a saucy air of defiance as if she did not care who knew it. "I am going by the upper road to the Kohleren Falls. Have you ever seen them?"

"No. Are they pretty?"

"Pretty! They are grand, at least the gorge is, although perhaps you would not think either the gorge or the falls worth visiting."

"How can I tell until I have visited them? Won't you be my guide there?"

"I shall be most happy to have you come, only you must promise to speak respectfully of both ravine and fall."

"I was not the man who spoke disrespectfully of the Equator, you know," said Archie as they walked off together.

It took the two rather more than an hour, by the upper road overlooking the town of Thun and the lake beyond, to reach the finger-board that pointed down into the Kohleren valley. They zigzagged along a rapidly falling path until they reached the first of a series of falls roaring into the deep gorge surrounded by a dense forest. Bessie leaned against the frail hand-rail and gazed into the depths, Severance standing by her side.

Severance was the first to speak, and when he spoke it was not on the subject of the cataract.

"Miss Durand," he said, "I love you. I ask you to be my wife."

"Oh, Mr. Severance," replied Bessie without lifting her eyes from the foaming chasm, 'I hope that nothing in my actions has led you to——"

"Am I to understand that you are about to refuse me?" cried Archie in a menacing voice that sounded above the roar of the falling waters. Bessie looked quickly up at him, and seeing a dark frown on his brow, drew slightly away from him.

"Certainly I am going to refuse you. I have known you only a few weeks."

"That has nothing to do with it. I tell you, girl, that I love you. Don't you understand what I say?"

"I understand what you say well enough, but I don't love you. Is not that answer sufficient?"

"It would be sufficient if it were true. It is not true. You do love me. I have seen that for days, for although you may have striven to conceal your affection for me, yet it has been evident to everyone, and more especially to the man who loved you. Why, then, deny what has been patent to all onlookers? Have I not seen your face brighten when I approached you? Have I not seen a welcoming smile on your lips that could have had but one meaning?"

"Mr. Severance," cried Bessie in unfeigned alarm, "have you gone suddenly mad? How dare you speak to me in this fashion?"

"Girl," shouted Archie, grasping her by

the wrist, "is it possible that I am wrong in supposing you care for me, and that the only other inference to be drawn from your actions is the true one?"

"What other inference?" asked Bessie in a trembling voice, trying unsuccessfully to withdraw her wrist from his iron grasp.

"That you have been trifling with me," hissed Severance. "That you have led me on and on, meaning nothing. That you have been pretending to care for me when in reality you merely wanted to add one more to the many proposals you have received. That is the alternative. Now which is the fact? Are you in love with me or have you been fooling me?"

"I told you I was not in love with you, but I did think you were a gentleman. Now that I see you are a ruffian, I hate you. Let go my wrist; you are hurting me."

"Very good; very good. Now we have the truth at last, and I will teach you the danger of making a plaything of a human heart."

Severance let go her wrist and seized her around the waist. Bessie screamed and called for help, while the man who held her a helpless prisoner laughed sardonically. With his free hand he thrust aside the frail pine pole that formed a hand-rail to guard the edge of the cliff. It fell into the torrent and disappeared down the cataract.

"What are you going to do?" cried the girl, her eyes wide with terror.

"I intend to leap with you into this abyss; then we shall be united forever."

"O Archie, Archie, I love you," sobbed Bessie, throwing her arms around the neck of the astonished young man, who was so amazed at the sudden turn events had taken that in stepping back he nearly accomplished the disaster he had a moment before threatened.

"Then, why—why," he stammered, "did you—why did you deny it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose because I am contrary, or because, as you said, it was so self-evident. Still I don't believe I would ever have accepted you if you hadn't forced me to. I have become so wearied with the conventional form of proposal."

"Yes, I suppose it does get rather tiresome," said Archie, mopping his brow. "I see a bench a little farther down; suppose we sit there and talk the matter over."

He gave her his hand, and she tripped daintily down to the bench, where they sat down together.

"You didn't really believe I was such a ruffian as I pretended to be," said Archie at last.

"Why, yes. Aren't you?" she asked simply, glancing sideways at him with her most winning smile.

"You surely didn't actually think I was going to throw you over the cliff."

"Oh, I have often heard or read of it being done. Were you only pretending?"

"That's all. It was really a little matter of revenge. I thought you ought to be punished for the way you had used those other fellows. And Sanderson was such a good hand at billiards. I could just beat him."

"You—you said—you cared for me. Was that pretence too?" asked Bessie with a catch in her voice.

"No. That was all true, Bessie, and there is where my scheme of vengeance goes lame. You see, my dear girl, I never thought you would look at me; some of the other fellows are ever so much better than I am, and of course I did not imagine I had any chance. I hope you will forgive me and that you won't insist on having a real revenge by withdrawing what you have said."

"I shall have revenge enough on you, Archie, you poor deluded young man, all your life. But never say anything more about 'the other fellows,' as you call them. There never was any other fellow but you. Perhaps I will show you a little book some day that will explain everything, although I am not so sure, if you saw it, you might not think worse of me than ever. I think perhaps it is my duty to show it to you before it is too late to draw back. Shall I?"

"I absolutely refuse to look at it; now or any other time," said Archie magnanimously, drawing her towards him and kissing her.

And Bessie, with a sigh of relief, wondered why it was that men have so much less curiosity than women. She was sure that if he had hinted at any such secret, she would never have rested until she knew what it was.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR OF THE BOSTON "GLOBE."

By E. J. Edwards.

ON the evening of December 19, 1895, the hundredth anniversary of the ratification of the commercial treaty between the United States and Great Britain was commemorated in New York city. Those whose duty it was to make preparations for this ceremony thought that in no better way could some of the happy influences which flowed from that treaty be suggested than by assembling at a dinner men who represented, by their names and careers, the forces which within one hundred years had made the United States the richest nation in the world. Thus the dinner was not only an acknowledgment of the service John Jay did when he negotiated that treaty, but it was also, incidentally, a formal recognition of the service which men of this time have rendered in developing those influences which have made the nation great. Very appropriately the duty of speaking on this occasion for the American press, one of the most important of these influences, was laid on General Charles H. Taylor, editor of the Boston "Globe." More than one hundred and seventy thousand copies of the "Globe" are eagerly received each weekday, and a quarter of a million copies on Sunday, by a constituency which General Taylor has himself created.

General Taylor had just begun to earn his living as a boy at the breaking out of the war. He had learned the printer's trade, and was setting type in the composing room of the Boston "Traveler," being but sixteen years of age. In the spring of 1862 he laid down his composing stick, proposing to enlist in a company then recruiting in his native town, Charlestown, Massachusetts, under the shadow of Bunker Hill. He was a slender lad who looked no older than his years. The recruiting officers were not unwilling to accept him, if the physical test was fully met. Taylor had only one fear—his eyes. He was near-sighted. The test for eyesight was the ability to tell the time by the clock on the distant steeple of the Fitchburg railway station. Taylor made private tests, and discovered that he was blind to the hands upon the clock in that far-away tower. He decided to search for a recruiting officer who would apply some other test, and he found one in Cambridge.

Thus, a mere boy, he entered that great university the Union Army, and in a few months was in the malarial lowlands of the Gulf coast, serving under Banks, and sustaining like a veteran the humid heat of a sub-tropical summer. His health was, with his character and mental power, his chief heritage, and it was sufficient to save him in that unaccustomed climate. But a bullet received in one of the battles before Port Hudson, in June, 1863, finished his army career, and almost ended his life. That bullet, evading the surgeon's probe, has remained to this day in his body.

Graduated from the army with this leaden diploma of honor, young Taylor returned to Boston, a youth yet in years, but broadened by the swift training of the camp and battle-field. He then became a reporter on the Boston "Traveler." To this day General Taylor proclaims the responsibility, honorable nature, and public service of the newspaper reporter's work. The greater the paper the greater the part done by the reporter in making it. He neglected nothing that would help him in his craft, even applying himself to the mastery of shorthand.

Early in his work as a reporter Taylor was appointed correspondent for the New York "Tribune." This was not an easy post to hold, as the "Tribune's" standard then, as always, was high. Associations of like character with other newspapers served not only to widen his opportunities, but also to extend his acquaintance. Newspaper work was a daily joy to him in these days. He was looking ahead, seeing something beyond his daily task and weekly salary. He was to be a great editor, and his model was an ideal combination of Greeley and the elder Bennett.

In 1869 Governor William Claflin chose General Taylor for his private secretary. He was now only twenty-three years of age, and for him this service was what the professional school is for the college graduate. Governor Claflin once said that he appointed Taylor to this office because he was "faithful, reticent, and had integrity of character." Taylor took the office not, as many thought, that he might begin a political career. Pol-

itics never had any charm for him, although he liked to watch the game of political chess when played by others. He took the post because he perceived that it would be of advantage to him in the journalistic work he had in view. He continued his service as special correspondent while serving as private secretary, thus keeping his hand in, and adding thereby materially to his income. His letters contained so much that was of public interest that the correspondence was eagerly sought and read.

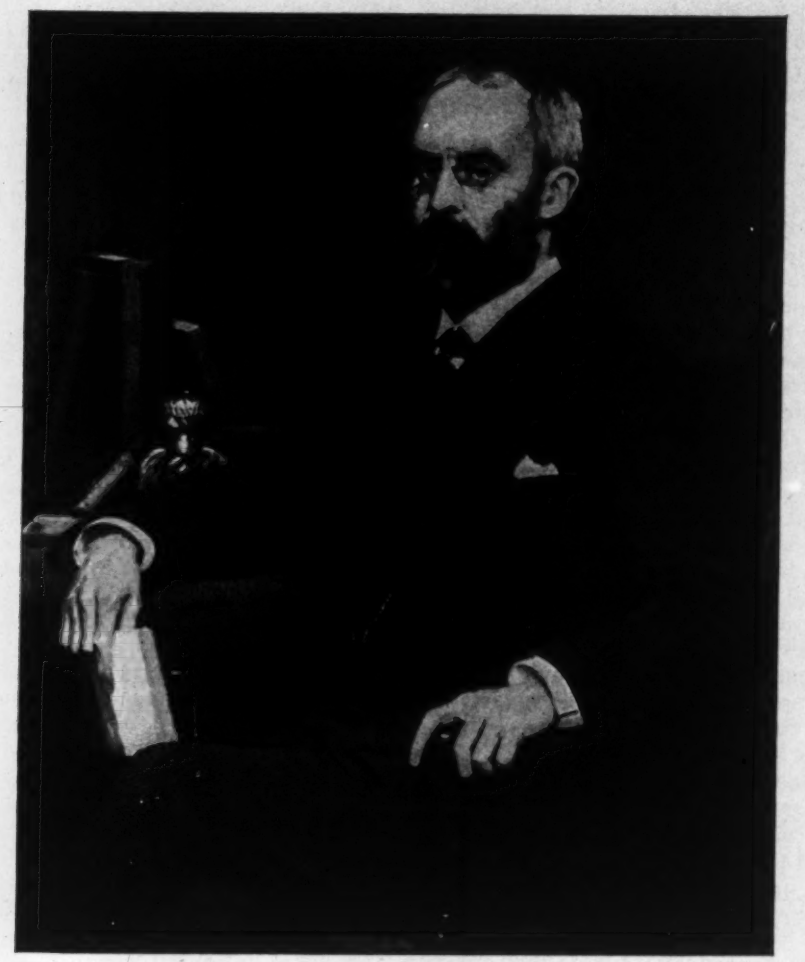
During three years of service under Governor Claflin he grew steadily in mental force as well as personal favor. That his abilities were controlled by good judgment is made clear by one step which he took while private secretary. He had been for some time looking for a journalistic opportunity, not in the service of others but for himself. He became convinced that it would be found in the establishment of a popular, low-priced magazine, and he ventured the experiment. A few faded copies of this magazine remain to-day, silent witnesses of his judgment, and General Taylor looks at them almost regretfully, as he reflects that dead as the magazine has been for many years, yet it had the seeds of life in it. He had, in fact, with it pointed the way, more than a quarter of a century ago, by which, in these later years, McCLURE'S has approached to its success. In general scope, purpose, and editorial direction this magazine differed from the low-priced magazines of large circulation of this day but little, except that illustrations were then no such delightful triumphs of art as they are to-day. In a little while General Taylor secured for the magazine a circulation of forty thousand copies, and saw for it such a future as justified large expenditures for a plant. In a single night the Boston fire of November, 1872, turned these hopes to ashes.

About this time General Taylor took a step which seemed to confirm the opinion of those who thought he had a political career in view. He consented to be a candidate for member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. His candidacy caused partisanship to end, so far as he was concerned. He was chosen representative from Somerville, the suburban town in which he lived, without an opposing vote; as he was again, a second time, in 1872. As a neighbor and a friend he commanded the vote of every citizen of his district. In the winter of 1873 he received a further proof of his popularity by being elected Clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives against William H. Robinson, the well-known newspaper correspondent, now deceased, who wrote for the Springfield "Republican" over the name of "Warrington," and who had been clerk of the House for many years.

In the summer of 1873 a special correspondent of recognized ability and a friend of Taylor's came to him and said that he understood an opportunity awaited a young man in the office of the Boston "Globe," since it had been determined by the owners of that paper to change its management. Some of these owners were friends of General Taylor, and the young correspondent asked that Taylor introduce him to them and speak a recommending word for him. This General Taylor gladly consented to do. But after an interview with his friend, the owners, greatly to General Taylor's surprise, said to him, "Your young friend is not the man we want, but you are. We ask you to take the management of the 'Globe;' and if you choose in so doing to put your friend in some editorial relation to it, why, very well."

At first blush General Taylor looked upon this proposition as one that he could not for a moment consider. He was then earning an unusual income for a man so young as he, and he had plans of his own for the future which could not be consummated if he were to undertake the management of a struggling paper, as the "Globe" then was. Therefore he declined. Then the owners said to him, "It is the vacation time of the legislature; therefore your duties as clerk will not stand in the way of accepting what we propose. Go into the office of the 'Globe,' take charge of its management for the summer, and by the first of the year we may be able to find just the man we want for permanent manager."

This proposition General Taylor rather reluctantly accepted. He saw that a service of a few months of that kind would give him an experience which might be of advantage to him. Moreover, it was, as had been suggested, a leisure season for him. He became, therefore, in April, 1873, when only twenty-seven years of age, the manager of the Boston "Globe," expecting to retain that post no longer than until the first of the following January. He placed his young friend in the chair of managing editor, only to discover within a few weeks that a man might be an excellent special correspondent without having any capacity for executive editorship. He was compelled to assume that responsibility himself, in addition to the business management of the paper. When January came he had become



CHARLES H. TAYLOR.

From a portrait painted by Alfred E. Smith in 1894.

so essential to the paper that he could not withdraw without a ruthless sacrifice of its interests. He therefore remained as manager of the "Globe," though it gave sure promise of embarrassments and difficulties which would test the intellect and health of any man.

It is easy now, in looking back, to understand the task to which General Taylor bent his shoulders. The Boston "Globe" had been started with the intention of showing to the world that it was possible to publish an "ideal" newspaper. But its owners early discovered that the number of those who desire an ideal newspaper is not great enough to permit an ideal or any other newspaper to be published, excepting as a philanthropic contribution to the community. The "Globe" lost in its first year a hundred thousand dollars, and seemed likely to lose as much more in its second. Its capital had been provided by ten citizens of Boston, among whom was that man of commanding business genius and constructive energy, the late Eben D. Jordan.

In the difficulties of his first years in the "Globe," General Taylor had great aid and encouragement from Mr. Jordan. On the 15th of November, 1895, at the time of Mr. Jordan's death, General Taylor made grateful acknowledgments of his obligations to him in an editorial in the "Globe," signed by himself, and paid this tribute to his friend: "No man of my acquaintance ever possessed a rarer gift of developing the abilities of other men, and no one ever helped others with more patience and generosity. It was my good fortune to obtain an inside view of this feature of his character, such as was vouchsafed to few men in this community. Some men of high reputations seem to shrink when you come to

know them intimately. This man grew greater every year that I knew him."

Mr. Jordan gave General Taylor confidence in himself, and it was this service, even more than his unhesitating response to every draft made upon him for financial assistance, that enabled Taylor to maintain himself during a struggle which lasted five years. Sometimes when everything looked black, and it seemed as though the end had come, General Taylor, depressed, would call upon Mr. Jordan at his house. In an hour or two he would return to his office, enthusiasm rekindled, hope revived, courage inspired, so that it seemed almost as though success was right at hand. Sometimes he would call upon Mr. Jordan with a financial statement, and Mr. Jordan would say, "Now I want to know the exact condition. Put down every dollar that you owe. Conceal nothing. Let us know the worst, so that we may know exactly what we have to do." Having learned it, he seemed cheerfully to make his contribution to meet any deficit. As time went on a second hundred thousand dollars was raised and sunk, and then a third.

Perhaps there is nothing outside the victorious charge in battle which so quickens the blood and compels in happy exercise the higher intellectual powers than the change in the tide to the flood in a newspaper office. Men work, but are not weary, for the tonic of healthy excitement sustains them. Thus it was with General Taylor and his associates. General Taylor was as intolerant of traditions and fixed rules in the newspaper office as Grant was upon the battle-field. He defied and scorned them when they stood in his way. Whatever would avail to gratify human interest in his readers, that he accepted.

Moreover, he created interest. Fertile himself in available ideas, he also eagerly sought them from others, and paid according to their worth. In defiance of newspaper convention he printed serial stories in the "Globe." The newspaper tradition was that illustrations had no place in a daily journal. He snapped his fingers at tradition, and in violating it compelled every paper in the land to follow his example. In the "Globe" office was established the first art department in any daily newspaper office in the world. His best ideas came with sudden inspiration, as when, on the day of Garfield's death, he sought and obtained from America's chief poets appropriate memorials, some of which have now become classics, and published these in a single issue. This was against all newspaper tradition. But General Taylor's judgment was correct. That issue spoke to the hearts of a hundred and fifty thousand saddened men and women as they would themselves have spoken had they had the power. On occasions of especial interest he has invited men of particular distinction to contribute to the editorial columns of the "Globe," and by printing their contributions over their signatures has broken with the long-sacred tradition of anonymous journalism. In his management he has spent money eagerly whenever his judgment suggested that it was worth while, and he never made the mistake of supposing that parsimony was economy. For him economy meant saving of waste and the skilful direction of energy. The "Globe" turned the financial corner in the second year of the new departure, and from that day to this it has more than maintained its prosperity.

Thus while he was still under forty, the man who at twenty-three had fondly dreamed of becoming a great editor found his full ambition realized. He was recognized not only as a great editor, but as among the greatest of newspaper managers. The story of his commercial success is one of those fascinating romances of the sudden creation of wealth of which the United States in recent years has furnished so many.

General Taylor's personal characteristics have been more or less fully suggested by the mere facts of this sketch. It may, though, with propriety be added that the sense of influence, the satisfaction of victory, the consciousness of the full use of his powers, are much more to him than bank balances and good dividends. It has seemed to those who know General Taylor intimately that the reward of his career most completely satisfying to himself, however, was one reserved until quite recent years. As General Taylor looks at his sons, now come to man's estate and working by his side with his own faithfulness, zeal, and enthusiasm, striving to master every detail of a great business, there must come to him such content as only the father whose sons fulfil every paternal aspiration can know. Upon the elder son, Charles H. Taylor, Jr., rests now much of the responsibility for the "Globe's" management, and in this service he has the faithful, capable assistance of his two younger brothers. They are competent to carry out all the purposes General Taylor has for the "Globe," and he is satisfied to commit his purposes to them.

THE ENGLISH IN SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA.*

By Gardiner G. Hubbard.

PAUL KRÜGER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

From a photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

WITHIN the past ten years the nations of Europe, seeking new outlets for their commerce and possible homes for their surplus population, have taken possession of the larger part of Africa. England and France have each claimed a little more than twenty-five per cent. of that continent; Portugal, Germany, and Belgium, together, about twenty-three per cent. Spain, Italy, the Boers of the Transvaal, and the Sultan of Turkey together hold about twelve per cent. To the native Africans is left a part of the Desert of Sahara and the lower part of the Soudan —about fifteen per cent.

This gives to the European powers, having no right but that of might, of civilization against barbarism, about all of Africa that is, strictly speaking, habitable or valuable. It has been the policy of Great Britain to allow her merchants to establish commercial relations with the natives by opening trading stations; and should the trade promise to be profitable afterwards, to raise over them her flag, claim them as British possessions, and exercise governmental control. The British East Indian Empire was the outgrowth of a trading station. France and Germany reversed this policy, first taking possession of tracts in different parts of Africa, establishing territorial governments, and afterwards offering inducements to mercantile companies to establish trading stations, guaranteeing protection from the natives.

England, as a result of her policy—the flag following the trade—has secured the most valuable parts of Africa. France holds an immense territory in the Desert of Sahara, south of Algiers and west of Senegambia, and on the upper waters of the Niger; while England claims the lower Niger and the Benué. England formerly claimed Namaqua and Damara Lands, on the southwest coast of Africa, but yielded these countries to Germany, reserving only a small tract of land near the centre of the territory. This reservation, however, contains the only good harbor on the coast and the best means of access to the interior of the German possessions. England allowed Germany to secure a vast region in East Africa over which she had claimed dominion, and retains for herself Cape Colony and South Africa, the Shiras and the upper waters of the Zambesi—the part of Africa best fitted for the occupation of Europeans. She has retained control in Egypt, but has allowed France to acquire Tunis and a part of the Desert of Sahara. She yielded to Italy the southwest coast of the Red Sea and northeast coast of the Indian Ocean to the river Juba, including Massowah—the most unhealthy part of the Red Sea—on condition that Italy would occupy Kassala, and drive the Mahdists from that province, but reserved to herself the best harbors in the Italian territory on the Indian Ocean. The occupation of Africa has cost France seven hundred and fifty million dollars; Italy, her reputation as one of the leading powers of Europe. A recent writer says Germany has 1,000 colonists in Africa maintained at a cost of $2,780 a year for each colonist. The only part of Africa fitted for European life and civilization, and the only portion that has yielded large returns for investments made by colonists, is the region controlled by England on the Niger and in South Africa, including the Transvaal.

The government of these vast tracts and colonies has generally been granted to companies chartered by the governments of Europe. One of these companies, the British South Africa, was founded in 1889 by Cecil Rhodes. The son-in-law of the Prince of Wales and other members of the nobility were made directors and officers;

* This paper is a portion of the annual address recently delivered by Mr. Hubbard before the National Geographical Society, of which he is president. The entire address will be published ultimately in the official magazine of the society.

and Dr. Jameson, one of the subordinate officers. The stock—originally one million shares, of the par value of one pound per share—soon rose in the market to three or four pounds per share, thus securing a handsome profit to the noble directors. The company was authorized "to acquire, by any concession, grant, or treaty, all or any rights, authorities, jurisdictions, and powers of any kind or nature whatever, including powers necessary for the purposes of government, comprised or referred to in the concessions and agreements, made as aforesaid, or affecting other territories, lands, or property in Africa, or the inhabitants thereof." Among the privileges given to it were "the right to establish banking and other companies and associations; to make and maintain railroads, telegraphs, and lines of steamships; to carry on mining operations and license mining companies; to settle, cultivate, improve, and make grants of its lands; to increase its capital from time to time; to preserve peace and order in such a way as it shall [should] consider necessary, and establish and maintain a force of police, and have its own flag."

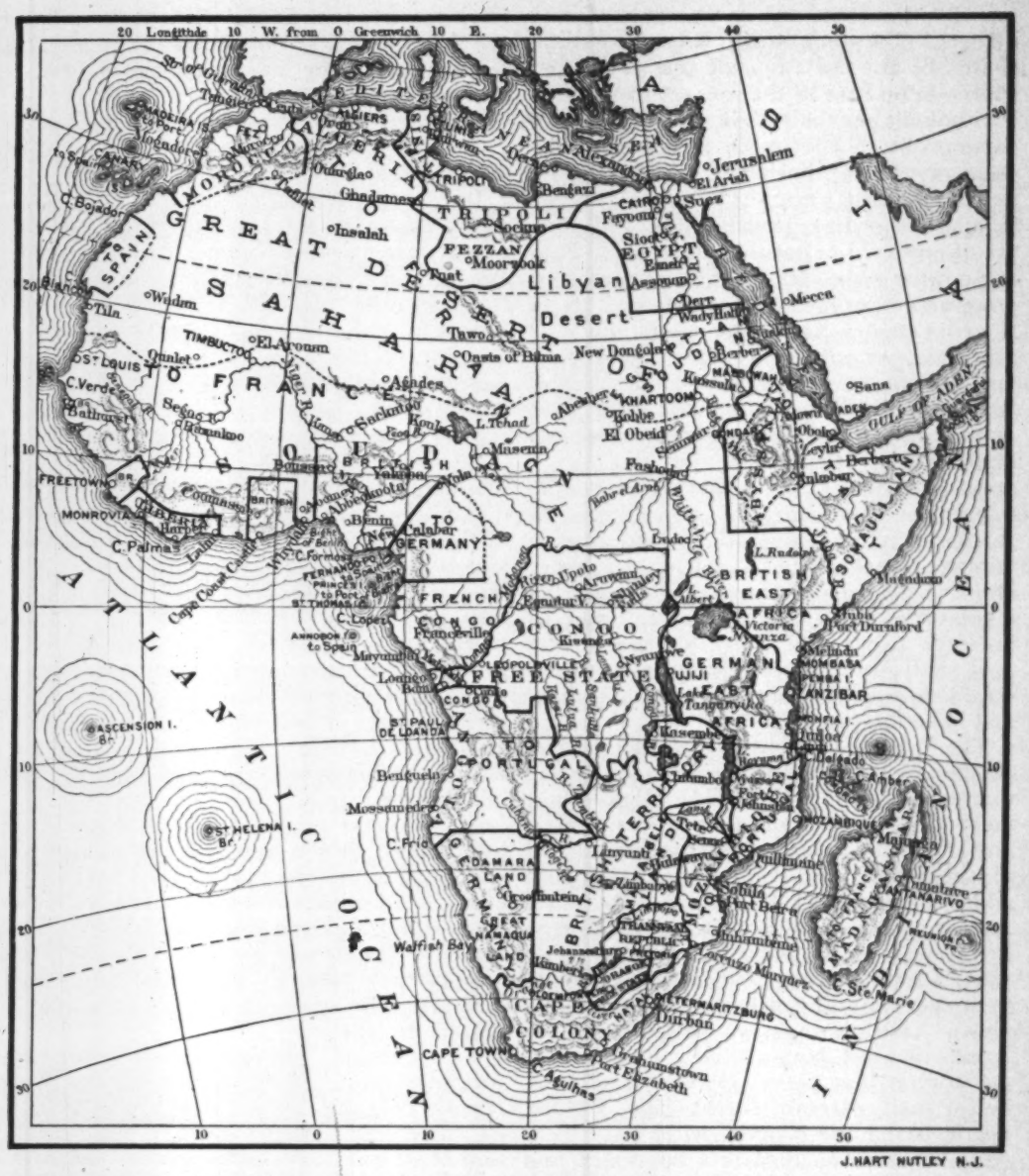
The original territory included in the charter of the company was much larger than Great Britain. But Mr. Rhodes and his associates, still unsatisfied, penetrated into Khama's country, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, defeated Lobengula, and added a large tract to that already under British protection. But still beyond were rich lands to be secured, and in June, 1895, a territory larger and more valuable than the original grant was added to the South Africa Company—called Northern Zambezia and Nyassaland. The whole territory is now called Rhodesia, or Zambezia, and extends from Cape Colony north, past Lake Nyassa, with Lake Tanganyika as its northeastern boundary, and the Congo Free State as its northwestern. It is difficult to ascertain the exact boundaries of the territory, as they have been so greatly and so often extended. The company now claims a territory of nearly one million square miles—larger than Europe exclusive of Russia. The country is very thinly populated, but is described as "fabulously rich, well watered," and of "a most healthy climate." Zambezia, with its great elevation and fine climate, its rich and fertile soil, most of it well watered or capable of cultivation by irrigation, and its great mineral wealth, is destined to become the most densely populated and wealthy portion of Africa. Within the territory of the South Africa Company are the richest diamond mines in the world, and near it, in the Transvaal, are the richest gold mines.

DIAMONDS.

India was formerly the only country where diamonds were found to any great extent; they were afterwards discovered in Brazil, and some of a small size have been found in other places. Very few are now found in India or Brazil. The first diamond was found in South Africa, near Kimberley, in 1868. Since 1870, when the mines were opened, their product has rapidly increased, and in twenty-five years these mines have produced more and larger diamonds than all other countries. To-day ninety-eight per cent. of the diamonds of the world come from Kimberley. These stones are found in a region about twelve miles in circumference, where four small hills, or "pipes," as they are called, rise from sixty to eighty feet above the ground, probably natural chimneys or extinct craters, broadening out below the surface to a great depth. These craters are filled with a blue, eruptive, inflammable earth in which the diamonds are imbedded. The mines were formerly worked from the surface; but now shafts are sunk from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet in depth, which penetrate the blue ground by cross-cuts. The workings are enclosed by high brick walls, and the workmen are not allowed to go beyond the limits during the time of their service. Each night they are stripped and their persons and clothes subjected to the most careful examination; the secretion of diamonds, and their purchase from other workmen, when detected, are punished most severely. But with all these precautions many diamonds are secured by the miners. We are told that a man escaping on horseback was carefully

CECIL J. RHODES, FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.



MAP OF AFRICA, DEFINING THE BOUNDARIES OF THE CHIEF AFRICAN POSSESSIONS OF EUROPEAN NATIONS. A DOTTED LINE INDICATES THAT THE BOUNDARY IS STILL UNFIXED.

examined and, no diamonds being found on him, released; but after crossing the border he stopped, dismounted, shot his horse, and took from the animal a small bag of diamonds.

There were originally many claims and companies, and the consolidation of so many opposing interests seemed almost impossible. It was then that Mr. Cecil Rhodes appeared prominently before the world. Through his financial genius, his skill, and marvellous management, the companies were amalgamated and consolidated into one company, with a capital of twenty million dollars of bonds and stock. The consolidated company pays five and a half per cent. interest on the bonds and twenty per cent. a year on the stock. The product is limited to the demand; so that the market may not be overstocked and the diamond lose its fabulous value. The entire plant, above and below ground, is lighted with electricity.

THE TRANSVAAL.

Not far from the diamond mines, in the Transvaal, are the richest gold mines in

the world. The Transvaal is a country of from one hundred and ten thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, and a mean altitude of about three thousand feet. Its population is said to be from seven hundred and fifty thousand to eight hundred thousand, though I presume it is very much less. It has a healthy climate; the rainfall is nearly sixty inches in the east, twelve inches in the west. It is rich in all kinds of minerals, especially gold, silver, iron, and coal. Fifty thousand of the population are Boers, descendants of the early Dutch and French Huguenot immigrants to Cape Colony. The Boers are a sturdy and independent, but not an agricultural, people; and, finding the land well adapted to cattle and grazing, they have become nomadic in their habits. They have again and again been driven from their ranches by British immigrants, and have become more and more independent and ignorant as they wandered to the north.

Education has been almost entirely neglected among them; very few can read or write. They are most expert with the rifle, and are good hunters. Their crops are raised by the native Kaffirs, who are substantially slaves. In the time of drouth they move with their families and cattle from place to place, to find pasture, returning after the rains to their homes.

DR. JAMESON, LEADER OF THE UITLANDER REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.

From a photograph by Walery, London.

Lord Randolph Churchill says the Boer farmer "personifies useless idleness." In the year 1838 the Boers settled beyond the river Vaal—hence the name Transvaal. This territory was then under British rule, which was partially overthrown by the Boers in the revolution of 1881. In 1883 Paul Krüger was elected President, and the control of England was limited by the Convention of London in 1884, by which the Transvaal was recognized as a nation, England only retaining the right to approve "all treaties made with any state or nation other than the Orange Free State, and with any native tribes outside the Transvaal." The Boers agreed that "all persons with their families should have full liberty to reside in any part of the Transvaal, and to carry on any kind of business, and such persons were to be subject to no higher taxation than is or may be imposed upon citizens." No slavery was to be tolerated. If these privileges are conceded, England has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal.

In 1884 the Boers, acting in secret concert with the Germans, undertook to extend their territory to the west, hoping to stretch across Africa and connect the Transvaal with the German provinces on the west coast. Under the direction of Cecil Rhodes, the police force drove back the Boers into the Transvaal; and Rhodes, by his negotiations with the Portuguese, prevented the Boers from gaining access to the Indian Ocean, and obtained from the Portuguese an agreement to build a railroad from Delagoa Bay across the country to the borders of the Transvaal.

The government of the Transvaal is nominally administered by a parliament; but the power is in the hands of the President, Paul Krüger, and his word is law. Next to him in authority is General Joubert. The President is a stolid Boer, of great natural ability and shrewdness. When the parliament is not in session, he has full power to issue proclamations, which can be enforced until the next meeting of the parliament. He rules the members, it is said, by threatening to reduce the salaries of those who oppose him.

The general and municipal governments are entirely in the hands of a few of the principal Boers. Taxes are largely assessed upon foreigners. There are but few schools; and in these, Dutch is the only language allowed to be used.

In 1885 gold was discovered on a ridge about six thousand feet above sea-level, near the present city of Johannesburg. Immigrants immediately poured in from every quarter of the globe. In 1892 Johannesburg had a population of fifteen thousand, and it is said that in 1891 more than four hundred companies were at work in the mines. To-day it has a population of sixty thousand, principally foreigners, or "Uitlanders," as they are called. The latest reports claim a population of one hundred thousand whites and sixty thousand negroes; but this claim is undoubtedly exaggerated.

The annual output of all the mines is estimated at seventy-five million dollars, making this the richest gold field in the world. The discovery of this gold has been fortunate for the world. As the proceeds of the mines in California fell off, the loss has been made up from these mines. After the discovery of the California mines, the gold production of the world gradually increased until 1853, when it reached the maximum of $155,000,000. Then it steadily diminished until 1883, when it was only $95,000,000. At this time the African mines began to supply the market. Since then the product has rapidly increased, and it is believed that in 1896 it will be over $200,000,000—the largest ever mined—one-half of which will come from the Transvaal. The recent disturbances may materially affect the output in the Transvaal, however. It is not surprising that great multitudes of Englishmen from Kimberley and Cape Colony, and miners from all countries, should have been attracted to this Eldorado, or that Cecil Rhodes and the people of Zambezia should have coveted the rich mines which the Boers were unwilling, or unable to work.

The Transvaal is very rich, and with a proper system of irrigation is capable of producing large crops; but the land is not cultivated, and the farms of the Boers are neglected and unproductive. Thus the country, with its immense resources and wealth, its products and trade, is passing from the Boers into the hands of the Uitlanders. Lord Randolph Churchill, who visited the Transvaal in 1892, says: "It might be the most wealthy and prosperous spot on earth, but Providence has cursed it with the rule of fifty thousand Boers." The foreigners, or Uitlanders, are not only absorbing the wealth and trade of the country, but desire a representation in the civil government. They claim rights to which as foreigners they are not entitled, and privileges belonging now only to natives or naturalized citizens. They complain that the taxes in Johannesburg are ten times as high as those in Pretoria; that they have no right either to vote or to participate in the administration of the general or local governments; that they are compelled to pay taxes for schools where all the instruction is in the Dutch language.

In answer, it may be said that Pretoria is a small town of poor farmers, and Johannesburg a bustling, growing, thriving, mining city, with a large and unruly population, where taxes must be high; that the laws, like our own, give the Uitlander a right to vote after naturalization, and also to become a member of the lower house, though not of the upper house, of parliament. It must be remembered that the Uitlanders have been in the Transvaal but a short time, and are there not by invitation of the Boers but for their profit. They have, therefore, no right to complain of laws to which they have voluntarily submitted. As for the teaching of Dutch in the schools, these schools were established by the Boers for their own children, not for the English; and we refuse to have the instruction in our public schools given in a foreign language.

The Uitlanders, unwilling to be controlled by the Boers, whom they despise, and desiring to overthrow their government, looked to Cecil Rhodes and his company for help, and gladly promised to join any force that might be sent to their relief. In response to this desire, Dr. Jameson collected his police force and crossed the boundary into the Transvaal, in the last days of 1895. But he had underestimated the strategical skill, the strength, and ability of the Boers. General Joubert, the commander, showed on this, as on prior occasions, great military ability, and by his quick movements put down the incipient rebellion at Johannesburg, and defeated and captured the forces of Dr. Jameson. All South Africa would have rejoiced had Dr. Jameson been successful, and England would have accepted the situation. Germany might have intervened; though we cannot see what right she would have had to do so.

The treatment of Dr. Jameson and his men by the Boers was most praiseworthy, showing great forbearance, wisdom, and excellent judgment. There was no war; they were not soldiers; but in a time of peace armed men had invaded the Transvaal prepared to overthrow the government. They could justly have been hung by the Boers; but, at the request of the British Government, the President surrendered Dr. Jameson and his men to England for trial according to the laws of Great Britain. We doubt if it would be easy to find in history an instance of like forbearance and mercy.

It should, however, be remembered that the fathers of the present generation of Boers either drove the natives from the Transvaal or reduced them almost to slavery, the higher civilization in each case driving out the lower.

THE EDGE OF THE FUTURE.

SUDDEN RISE OF THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.—INVENTORS AND CAPITALISTS ZEALOUS IN ITS DEVELOPMENT.—ITS WIDE UTILITY.—ARMY USE OF IT HERE AND ABROAD.

By Cleveland Moffett.

THERE are already on the market a score or more of horseless carriages, of widely different patterns, driven by motors differing in details of construction, but operated in the main by gas, electricity, steam, or compressed air. Several exhibitions of these motor vehicles have been recently held in France, England, and America, and the extent of them has been to the public at large fairly astonishing. A New York expert assures me that he has a list of between five and six hundred horseless-carriage devices of American invention alone. Many of these will, doubtless, prove failures, for the law of the survival of the fittest applies here as elsewhere; and even those which at first give fairly satisfactory results, will doubtless undergo material improvement in the next few years. What seems perfectly certain, however, is that the motor vehicle has at last arrived. Manufacturers all over the country are already making active arrangements—extending their plants, and putting in new machinery—with a view to being among the first to supply what is already a growing, and will soon be an enormous, demand.

Mr. E. P. Ingersoll, the editor of "The Horseless Age," has furnished me with detailed information showing the widespread development of the movement. "I am in position to know," he said, "that Wall Street capital is being invested in lines of motor stages, to be run in Cleveland and in various parts of the South, notably in South Carolina. In several American cities I know that street railway companies are actively preparing to use motor stages in connecting trolley lines whose terminals are a mile or so apart; this is being done in Boston by the Commonwealth Avenue Railway Company. Another case is in Sulphur Springs, Colorado, where a line of horseless stages is in successful operation through the Rockies. And at Portland, Maine, an enterprising Yankee has provided a number of motor buckboards for the service and pleasure of summer excursionists.

"You would be surprised to know the number of distinguished men who are writing me constantly in regard to motor vehicles. And it would be impossible to count the number of advertising men, peddlers, travelling salesmen, and managers of small shows who are negotiating for the purchase of one form or another of the horseless vehicle.

"I recently received a letter from Second Assistant Postmaster Nellson, who informed me that the Government has decided to introduce motor mail-wagons as soon as the best model is decided upon. The officials in the department are convinced that such wagons will offer substantial advantages in the service, notably in economy."

Meanwhile the general public is displaying the greatest interest in the motor vehicle races which are being held almost every month in some part of Europe or America. Thousands of dollars are being offered in prizes to competitors, and the results so far have been most satisfactory.

In the race between Paris and Rouen, a petroleum motor came in first, covering a distance of eighty miles in five hours and forty minutes, including two stops of a quarter of an hour each. In the race from Paris to Bordeaux and back, on June 11, 1895, seventeen motor vehicles competed for prizes aggregating sixteen thousand dollars. The first carriage covered the distance of seven hundred and twenty-six miles at an average rate of nearly fifteen miles an hour for both night and day running, the exact time record being forty-eight hours and fifty-three minutes. This demonstrated conclusively the power of motor vehicles to cover long distances at high rates of speed, for it is plain that neither horse nor bicycle could accomplish such a feat. The contest in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day, 1895, proved that the new vehicles are not balked by bad roads. On the day of this race, Chicago, as well as the whole region about, was covered with snow, which in the streets and roads had changed into a slough of mud. It is doubtful if the strongest team of horses could have covered the distance prescribed —fifty-four miles—in a day, much less in eight hours, the time of the winning carriage, a Duryea vehicle, which was hampered, furthermore, by several accidents on the run.

In spite of the insistent claims of rival manufacturers of motor vehicles, it seems to be generally admitted by experts that no essential or exclusive patents are controlled by any one. Those who go into this new industry will find practically an open field and free competition. Whether the motor be driven by steam or electricity or compressed air or gas explosion, it works according to a well-understood principle that has long been common property.

One of the foremost promoters of the horseless carriage interests in this country is H. H. Kohlsaat, owner of the Chicago "Times-Herald," who gave practical evidence of his belief in the future of motor vehicles by offering prizes amounting to five thousand dollars in the recent Chicago race of "motocycles," as they were styled. Mr. Kohlsaat assured me that within five years he expects to see on the streets of Chicago five vehicles driven by motors for one drawn by horses.

A novel and important feature of the Chicago race was the preliminary application to all the contesting carriages of a testing apparatus specially designed to show the consumption of fuel, the losses in the mechanism, and the efficiency of the machines. This testing apparatus was set up in a building on Wabash Avenue. There the different motor vehicles were brought and successively placed on a large platform with two rollers at one end, against which two wheels of the vehicle were brought into frictional contact. The motor was then started, and delicate apparatus registered electrically the draw-bar pull, the load that could be carried, the amount of fuel consumed, etc., while various road conditions were imitated by changing the surface of the rollers against which the wheels of the vehicle pressed. Careful records were kept of the results, which will permit experts to draw important conclusions as to the relative merits and efficiency of different devices.

All experts are agreed that sure and easy control is the most important point in the construction of the horseless vehicle, which must admit of easy steering and safe management as regards speed. It should be borne in mind that the carriage without a horse is also without the convenience of a horse's intelligence, which really in ordinary traffic and driving relieves the person holding the reins of a large part of his responsibility. For not even the best made motor can think, and the slightest carelessness on the part of its driver, or failure of the guiding apparatus, might precipitate an accident. What is needed for ordinary use, especially in cities, is not so much great speed as absolute reliability in stopping, backing, turning quickly, etc. It is likely that the motor vehicle destined to come into general favor will permit all these operations to be performed by the movement of a single lever, either up or down for various speeds forward or backward, or from right to left in turning. Held halfway the lever will bring the vehicle to a stop. The brake will be applied by pressing a spring connected with the handle like the arrangement on bicycles, an extra brake being provided, perhaps, for an emergency, to be operated by the foot. The alarm signal will be attached to the handle, either as a bell or horn, the latter being the popular form on the Continent. That it is practicable to make a single lever perform all these operations is shown by the success of the Duryea wagon, which is thus arranged.

Of course the question of the ultimate speed and hauling power attainable depends upon the number of horse-power that it will be practical or desirable to put into these new vehicles. And here the question of weight must be seriously considered. Thus

THE SERPOLLET STEAM CAB.

MORRIS & SALVIN'S "ELECTROBAT."

From a photograph by Copelin, Chicago

A DAIMLER PETROLEUM-ENGINE CARRIAGE. SPEED ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR.

THE SERPOLLET STEAM CARRIAGE.

DURYEA MOTOR WAGON, WINNER OF THE CHICAGO "TIMES-HERALD" RACE, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

From a photograph, by permission of "The Horseless Age."

far, the motors for horseless carriages have been usually of three or four horse-power, although Comte de Dion in Paris has a four-seated steam carriage fitted with a twenty-five horse-power motor. And the Daimler motor manufacturers have already built motors of twenty horse-power, and look forward to building others of fifty horse-power.

Although steam motors for horseless vehicles have given excellent results in some instances, notably when the Comte de Dion carriage, just mentioned, came in first in the race from Paris to Rouen, inventors and manufacturers have in the main turned their attention to perfecting motors driven by gas or electricity. Hot air and compressed air have also been suggested as active forces, but little has been done to bring such motors beyond the experimental stage. It may be said that the great preponderance of effort has been in the perfecting of electric and gas motors, particularly the latter. The advantages claimed for the electric motor, operated of course by storage batteries, are noiselessness, cleanliness, absence of odor, and ease of proportioning the effort of the machine to the need of the moment. Moreover, electric motors are exceedingly easy of control. The only disadvantages are the weight of the storage batteries and the uncertainty of being able to recharge them on long runs away from cities. There is no question, however, that electric wagons and omnibuses are admirably adapted to city use, and the Electric Storage Battery Company of Philadelphia expect to have their vehicles running regularly in the avenues and parks of New York, Boston, and Chicago within a year.

The great advantage of the gas motor for general use in horseless carriages is that it can be driven perfectly well by ordinary kerosene, which is not only cheap, but universally accessible. It is true that there is some vibration from the rapid explosions in the cylinder, and a certain amount of odor; but these defects are in a fair way to be removed, and are much less noticeable in the latest carriages.

Fine results are claimed for gas motors fed with acetylene, which gives a pressure of from seven hundred to one thousand pounds to the square inch, being first compressed in the cylinders, and then exploded. Perhaps the ideal motor of the future will be a small rotary, high-speed gas engine, such as George Westinghouse has been experimenting upon for years.

So many of the motor vehicles are driven by gas engines of one sort or another that it is worth while to indicate briefly how these engines work. They all carry a certain quantity of petroleum, naphtha, paraffine or gasolene, and explosive hydro-carbons, which are stored in a reservoir on the carriage. The liquid fuel is, by one means or another, introduced into the cylinders of the engine, where it is transformed into gaseous form, with a quick explosion, on coming into contact with an electric spark or a continuously burning flame. The explosions of the gas take place alternately at the opposite ends of the cylinders, and so keep the piston vibrating back and forward and the wheels turning. To prevent the cylinders from becoming overheated, they are surrounded by jackets through which water is kept circulating.

Already the manufacturers of motor vehicles have profited by experience, and are putting out models showing points of superiority over those first devised. The Duryea horseless carriage for 1896 has wire wheels and large pneumatic tires, and the parts are practically made entirely of hardened steel. It is likely that this tendency to follow the bicycle manufacturers rather than the carriage makers will become more and more general, and that the horseless carriage of the future will be constructed of tubular steel in all its strain-bearing parts. And the pneumatic tires will be made larger and larger, one company in the West making them already with a diameter of six inches.

As to form, the tendency is to build the carriages lower than the earlier models, putting a greater distance between the wheels, and giving the vehicle a longer reach, thus adding to its stability. And, as has been the case with the bicycle, so the horseless carriage will steadily decrease in weight as far as will be permitted by considerations of safety and by road conditions. There is no doubt that wide introduction of swift-running horseless vehicles will add strength to the popular movement for better highways.

In the cities, perhaps the most important advantage to be expected from the removal of the horses, though it is not the one most considered, is the improved sanitary condition. It has long been recognized by health officers that one of the chief obstructions to cleanliness of streets is the presence of large numbers of horses. With the horses gone, not only would the streets be kept cleaner, but they could all be paved with wood or asphalt, instead of with cobblestone, which would enable vehicles to move about more easily and quickly. The ad-

A MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE. THE LARGEST FIRE-ENGINE IN THE WORLD.

This self-propelling fire-engine is owned by the city of Hartford, Connecticut. It weighs eight and a half tons, and throws thirteen hundred and fifty gallons of water a minute. The ordinary horse-draught fire-engine weighs about three tons, and throws five or six hundred gallons of water a minute.

vantage in this respect would be especially marked in the case of heavy vehicles, like trucks, ambulances, delivery wagons, and fire-engines. Several cities, among others Hartford, Connecticut, are already using motor fire-engines, and with excellent results. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is contemplating with satisfaction this possibility of relieving horses from the strain and suffering incident to drawing ambulances and fire-engines at a full gallop over the hardest roads.

The practical argument in favor of substituting motors for horses in heavy traffic is the cheapness with which the motors can be operated. The cost of fuel for a gas motor is so small that it can almost be ignored. The Duryea wagon, which took the first prize in the Chicago race, consumed, in an extraordinarily hard run of fifty-four miles, only about three and one-half gallons of gasolene, which may have cost perhaps twenty cents. Experts estimate that the cost of maintaining a gas motor on a carriage is about one cent per horse-power per hour.

The motor vehicle seems not unlikely to play an important part some day as one of the appliances of war. General Miles has recommended that twelve companies of the army, a force equal to one full regiment, be equipped with bicycles and motor wagons. Even in our small army of twenty-five thousand men, nearly ten thousand horses and mules are now required for cavalry, artillery, and general draught purposes. There is little doubt that the work required of these animals could be done better and more cheaply, at least in a large number of cases, by specially devised motor vehicles. Provision trains and cannon could be drawn by motors, and they would be of especial utility in the ambulance service.

Already built, in the Daimler Motor Works, at Steinway, Long Island, is a heavy wagon, similar to a circus wagon, equipped with a gasolene motor of sufficient power to drive an electric generator that has been repeatedly used to furnish the illumination for the whole factory. Imagine such a wagon perfected so as to become a veritable electric power-house on wheels, with energy enough to drive its own propelling motor and the motors for lighting as well. Its outer surfaces might be sheathed with steel, so as to protect it from rifle shots; and it might even be equipped with a Gatling gun or two, so that it could

in case of need return a hostile fire. When night came on, and the battle ceased, such a wagon might roll forward upon the battle-field, followed by a train of motor-driven ambulances, with surgeons and nurses on board, bringing succor to the wounded. The wagon stops; wires are reeled out quickly by its corps of men, and arc lamps suspended at various points; and in a few minutes, for a hundred yards around, the battle-field becomes as light as day. Meanwhile the ambulances have come up, and ranged themselves about in a circle, within which deft-fingered men and women are speedily at work with flasks and bandages.

And think of the advantages in speed of marching and transportation that would be enjoyed by a regiment equipped with bicycles and motor vehicles. From thirty to thirty-five miles is a long day's march for artillery or infantry, while cavalry troops rarely make over eighty miles a day in a long march. But nearly a year ago motor vehicles in France made over three hundred miles in a day, keeping up an average of sixteen miles an hour over ordinary roads, although it should be said that the roads in France are excellent. There is no doubt that manufacturers could now build motor vehicles for armies which would carry a battery of cannon from New York to Philadelphia in a single night, and in the same time take a train of provision wagons from New York to Washington.

And the value of swift-running motor wagons to support a body of bicycle cavalrymen is at once apparent. Judging by recent records, it is perfectly conceivable that a regiment equipped, according to the plan of General Miles, with bicycles and motor wagons, could in a forced dash cover two hundred miles in twelve hours—that is, in the light of a single day; or twice that distance, if they pushed on through the darkness for twenty-four hours.

A DAIMLER MOTOR CARRIAGE NEAR FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

It is impossible to discuss motor vehicles without considering the future of the motor bicycle, about which there has been much speculation of late. Scores of inventors are now at work perfecting various motors which they claim will do wonders in enabling wheelmen to climb hills easily, and to

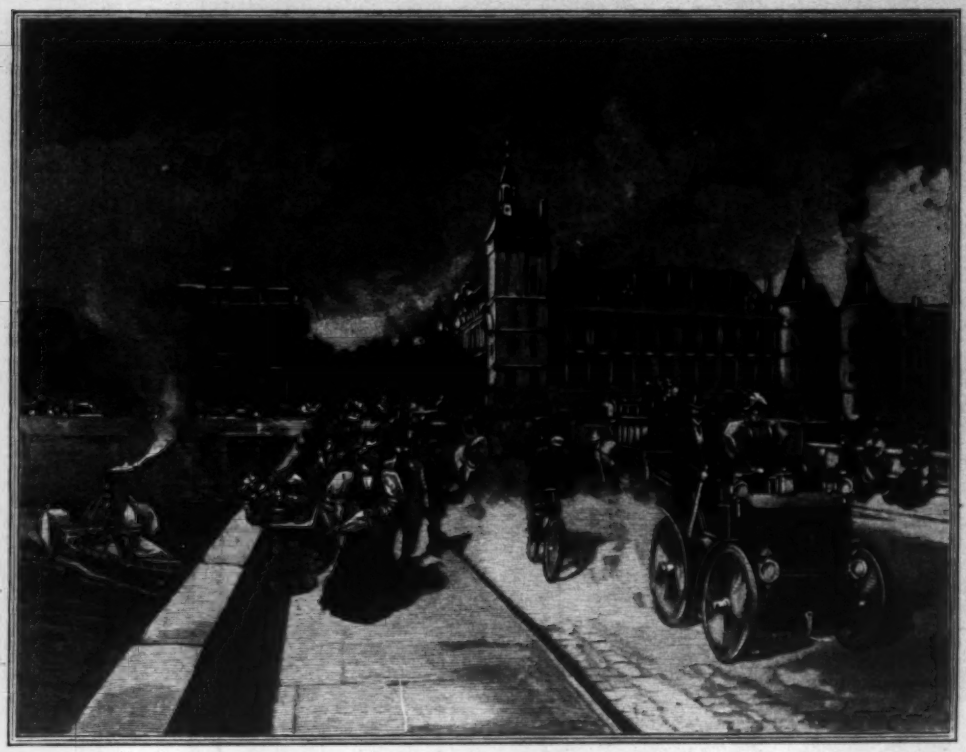
A HORSELESS AMBULANCE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

attain high speeds on level stretches without undue exertion. A French inventor has brought out a steam bicycle, capable of covering twenty miles in an hour, while a Western firm in this country are manufacturing bicycles driven by petroleum motors, one of which, at a recent test, made a mile in fifty-eight seconds. The former is built with a water-tank curved over the back wheel, and burns coke or gasolene in producing its steam. The latter carries an oil-tank holding fuel enough to drive it a hundred miles. Both machines are considerably heavier than the ordinary bicycle, the steam model weighing one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

While there are many advocates of the power bicycle, it must be said that the bicycle manufacturers do not, as a rule, anticipate any great development in it. One of the chief officers of the Pope Manufacturing Company assured me that while they recognize fully that the four-wheeled motor vehicle has come to stay, and are themselves actively preparing to manufacture it, they do not believe that the great army of bicycle riders throughout the country will take kindly to the idea of sitting idly in the saddle, and merely balancing the machine, while the motor does the work. The chief element in the popularity of bicycling is the enjoyment the rider gets from the wholesome exercise of his muscles. If a person were too indolent or feeble to pedal himself along, he would probably discard the bicycle altogether in favor of a motor vehicle on three or four wheels, where he would be relieved even from the exertion of balancing.

While there is small probability that the motor vehicle will displace the bicycle in popular favor, it is not unlikely to encroach upon the territory of our street-car, and even to become, in some degree, a competitor of the railroads. The Duryea motor carriage has shown a capacity for twenty miles an hour over favorable roads; and when I visited the works in Springfield, Massachusetts, where these machines are constructed, I learned that for a year past the inventors have been riding up and down Massachusetts and Connecticut, climbing the steepest hills without difficulty, and thinking nothing of travelling at a rate that would wear out a relay of horses from Springfield to Westfield or Hartford, or even to Boston. With the improvements that are being put in their new carriages, the Duryea Brothers expect to attain a speed on level stretches of twenty-five miles an hour, and to be able to run up to Boston from Springfield in five hours, an excursion which, on a pleasant day, would tempt many people from the smoke and roar of the train.

It is said that a company, with ample



A DAIMLER MOTOR CARRIAGE ON THE PONT AU CHANGE, PARIS.

It was a carriage of the same model as the one shown here that came in first in the race from Paris to Bordeaux, on June 11, 1895.

capital, has been formed to operate a system of motor wagons in British Columbia, between Ashcroft and Barkerville, the latter being in the heart of the gold region. The distance is about two hundred miles. At present it is traversed by a line of horse stages, which do a large business in carrying passengers and supplies. While the wagon-road is excellent, it passes through a mountainous region, and the strain upon horses is very severe; and in addition there is the great expense involved in transporting food for the horses. The company believe that a number of strongly built wagons driven by oil motors will do all this business, and handle the output of the mines besides, at less cost than the present system of horse stages.

There seems to be no reason why lines of horseless omnibuses or large carryalls should not be introduced in cities with excellent results in competition with the street-car lines. They could run as fast as the best trolley or cable cars, and would be cheaper to operate, since the enormous initial outlay for power-houses and line equipment would be avoided. In the end, they might render it possible to rid the streets of tracks and trolley wires—an incalculable improvement.

Of course, before motor vehicles can come into general use for pleasure or business, it will be necessary for people to obtain a practical understanding of their construction and method of operation. However simple they may seem in principle, with only a lever to be drawn or a wheel to be turned, it is quite plain that most persons would need instruction in changing speeds, steering, turning, stopping, and reversing, before venturing on a public road.

In regard to the cost of motor carriages, everything depends upon the size, number of seats, style, finish, and the like; but it may be said in a general way that they will range in price from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, the best four-seated vehicle probably costing about twelve hundred dollars. These will be the prices for the first few years, but it is altogether likely that keenness of competition will bring about a material reduction in the prices within ten years.

MEDEA PREPARING TO LEAVE JASON. FROM A PAINTING BY ANSELM VON FEUERBACH.

The original picture is now in the New Pinakothek, Munich. Medea, for love of Jason, helped him to win the Golden Fleece, even to the injury of her own family. Then Jason deserted her, in order that he might espouse the daughter of the King of Corinth. Medea caused a ship to be prepared to carry herself, her two children, and their nurse, to her native home in Colchis.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—GERMAN ART OF THE PAST.—CORNELIUS, KAULBACH, AND SCHNORR.—INFLUENCE OF PILOTY AS A RESULT OF STUDY IN FRANCE.—TYPICAL GERMAN PAINTERS. KNAUS, MENZEL, AND BÖCKLIN.—THE SECESSIONISTS.—A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE.

By Will H. Low.

TO one who, like the present writer, frankly confesses his preference for the Gallic point of view in art, the spectacle of German artistic endeavor of the past is not exhilarating. The indubitable fact remains, however, that no people have so studiously encouraged the study of art; no greater encouragements have fallen to the lot of any painters than those accorded by Germany in this century. The result has been a vast amount of production, the growth of a wide-spread national interest in art, and the proverbial patience of the Teuton, proving synonomous with genius, seems likely at this period of the nineteenth century to triumph in the end. Such, at least, is the conviction which an exhibition of last summer in Germany carried with it, and which I offer in palliation of the condemnation of previous efforts.

The exhibition of the "Secessionists" in Munich appeared to me, fresh from the spring exhibitions of New York, London, Paris, Venice, and Berlin, to be the most interesting of them all. This excellence has been accomplished through devious ways, and lacks perhaps any very strongly expressed national characteristic. The influences of France even can be felt; but what painter, the art of which country, can be said to be free from the influence of this great art-teaching nation? That the painted anecdote and the philosophical allegory have been displaced at one and the same time with the hollow historical picture, and that in their place an effort at simple painting of themes which are pictorial has been instituted, is a result not unworthy of the many years of careful cultivation bestowed on the vagrant plant of art.

In the placid city of Munich the traveller finds himself out of the busy current of life as conceived by the nineteenth century. The strenuous, material tendency of the age has given place to interests almost

MARY'S JOURNEY INTO THE HILL COUNTRY. FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEF VON FÜHRICH.

"And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda."—ST. LUKE iv. 39. This picture, now in the Vienna Academy Gallery, is a typical example of the art of the "Nazarene" group, but with more than their wonted grace and simplicity of sentiment.

purely intellectual, and the stranger wanders through streets, gardens, palaces, churches, and galleries which have come into existence for æsthetic rather than practical reasons. No other city that I know, save Florence, has this artistic character so strongly marked. But while the Italian city ceases as a living factor with the close of the seventeenth century, Munich is largely a creation of our own time. Leaving out of consideration the manifestations of art which Maximilian Joseph I. found in his capital as a legacy from the past when Napoleon placed him on his throne in 1809, it would seem as though he and the succeeding monarchs had no greater preoccupation than to make the city artistic. As Bavaria, from geographical limitation, could never hope to be a leading power politically, this determination on the part of its rulers gave them occupation, at least; and the outcome, though in many cases serving as an object lesson in what not to do, is most interesting.

Throughout Germany, in the days before the foundation of the empire, its political divisions repeated the story of the period of greatest artistic activity in Italy. The many cities of the country, each independent of the other, each eager to distinguish itself, created museums and academies until none was so poor as to lack its school of art. None of these rose to the importance of

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. FROM A PAINTING BY KARL VON PILOTY.

The original painting was left unfinished at the painter's death in 1886. It is now in the National Gallery, Berlin. It portrays the dying commander in the act of receiving the last homage of his soldiers.

THE ROUND TABLE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT AT SANS SOUCI. FROM A PAINTING BY ADOLF MENZEL, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT BERLIN.

The scene takes place in a still existing room in the little palace at Potsdam, where Frederick found pleasure in surrounding himself with the *beaux esprits* of the time. The heads are chiefly portraits, Voltaire in profile, to the right of the king, being conspicuous.

the recognizable schools of Florence, Sienna, or Milan, owing to the fact that art had fallen on evil days, and there was little effort to express natural temperamental characteristics as these primitive painters had done in their happy ignorance of academies. Munich was, however, the chief seat of this artistic endeavor, and may be taken as typical of the German art effort of the century.

The "Nazarene" movement was at its height in Rome, and its founder, Frederich Overbeck, had formed a number of pupils, among whom were Cornelius, Schadow, Veit, and Schnorr, all Germans like their master, all deeply penetrated with what they considered the philosophical side of art, when the first king of Bavaria died in 1825. His interest in architecture, "mother of arts," had led him to endow Munich with many handsome structures; but it was reserved for his son Ludwig I. to erect the most important of the museums, and to give encouragement for their decoration by painting and sculpture on a lavish scale. Cornelius was recalled from Rome, and ruled artistically for many years until his independence of character caused his retirement to Berlin. It was he, however, who gave the direction which art in Munich followed for many years. Cornelius's "Last Judgment," in the Church of All Saints, and his equally vast and tiresome works representing the legends of the Greek gods, in the

ON THE LAKE. FROM A PAINTING BY K. RANGVE.

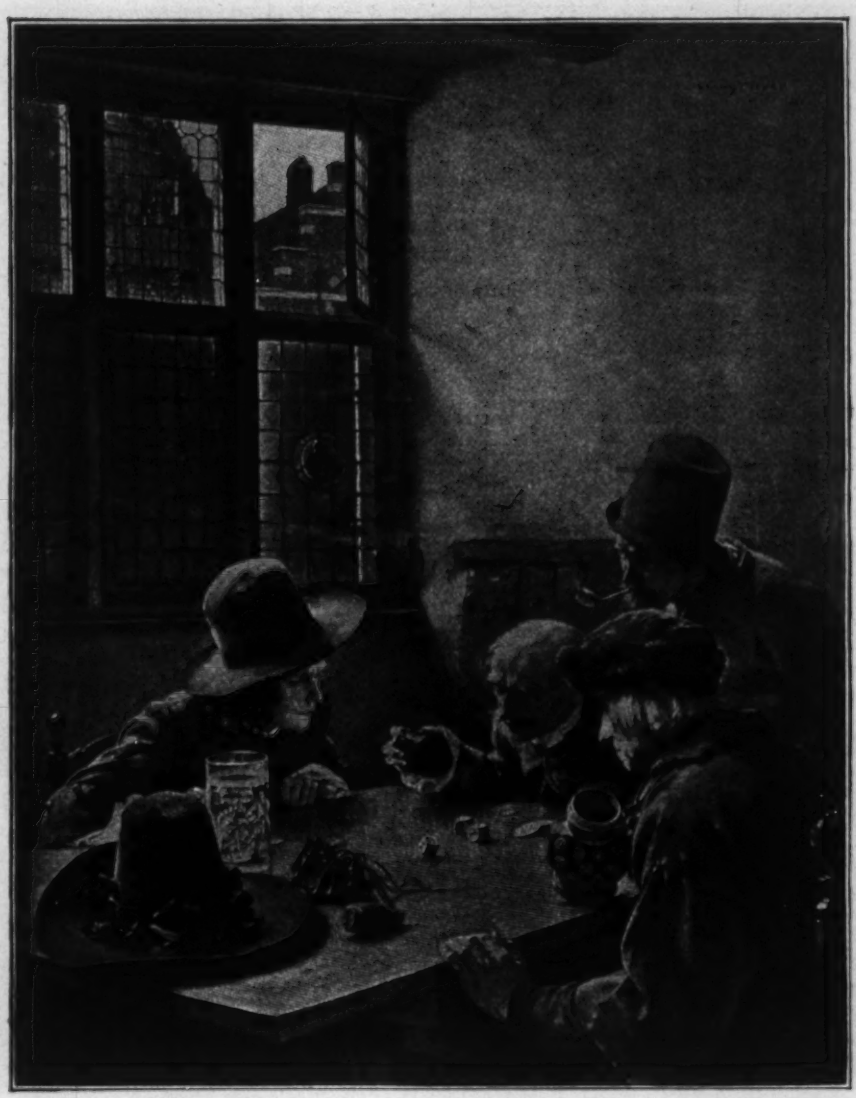
Glyptothek, or sculpture gallery, are examples of an art which is happily dead. To qualify them, the movement of which they were the effect, and the influence which they exercised, in a word :—their lack of vitality is due to a total absence of reliance on nature.

In the same category belong the mural paintings of Kaulbach, in the New Museum at Berlin, the cartoon of one of which, the "Era of the Reformation," is, I believe, owned in this country. One of the painful recollections of my childhood is the remembrance of the effort to be interested in this immense picture, which represents, in involved and unnatural fashion, the elements which made up the Reformation. Art like this, however, stood for all that was most worthy during many years, and Munich was decorated in all its buildings, inside and out, to the heart's content of the ruling monarchs, and, presumably, of the painters. On the outside of the New Pinakothek Nilson, from designs by Kaulbach, has represented the decline and fall of the eighteenth century and the encouragement of modern art by King Ludwig in peculiarly German fashion. In the guide-book we are told, "We see the three Graces imprisoned, one of the old Directors of the Academy lies sleeping at the gate with a doll in his arms, and a three-headed monster with a wig on each head stands as Cerberus before the dungeon. The classic artists, under Minerva's protection, advance to the attack. Winckelmann, the great art-critic, throws his ink-stand at Cerberus; Thorwaldsen advances with the hammer; Cornelius, Overbeck, and Veit approach on a Pegasus."

Thus having inaugurated an art modern in its tendencies to their satisfaction, the

JULIET ON HER BIER. FROM A PAINTING BY HANS MAKART.

This picture, suggested by Shakespeare's play of "Romeo and Juliet," was painted in 1869, and is now in the Museum at Vienna.



THE DICERS. FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUS MEYER.

The original painting is now in the Berlin National Gallery, having been purchased from the Jubilee Exhibition, Berlin, 1886.

next painting shows, with fine logic, "German artists studying Roman life and manners." The subjects of these men were, however, the least of their faults. In their hands, through the necessity of representing so many and diverse objects, painting had been reduced to a collection of formulæ difficult enough to learn, but, once acquired, serving for all purposes. Color, either in its decorative or naturalistic qualities, was ignored. Form became, through over-study of anatomy, a mere vehicle for an exhibition of knowledge; every human being was represented as cast in the same mould, made with the same stencil. The culmination of it all can be seen in Schnorr's frescos representing the Nibelungenlied in the royal residence in Munich, which are bad in color, grotesque in drawing, stilted in composition, and very much admired by tourists.

Fortunately there is a brighter side and an art more modest belonging to this period. With all the homely virtues of the German the painting of familiar life imposed itself of necessity. Early in the century efforts timid and poor in all the qualities of painting, but sincere and honest withal, had been made in Germany. Here, in this country, Düsseldorf had shown by the exhibition of a collection of pictures of its school how

YOUNG GERMANY. FROM A PAINTING BY CARL HERTEL, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, BERLIN.

popularly such subjects could be treated, and this first influx of foreign art in the early fifties remained popular here for many years. The names of Hasenclever, Hübner, *et al.*, not to enregister their predecessors, are but names, however, and this brief record must go on to men of more modern date whose works are represented here.

Two men widely differing come to mind at once, for their art is each in its way characteristically German, although they are both indebted to study in France. Karl von Piloty, born in Munich, October 1, 1826, and dying there, July 21, 1886, gave to modern Germany the first inkling that a picture, although it represented an event of history, gained force and plausibility from realistic treatment. In 1855 his picture of "Seni before the Body of Wallenstein," it is hardly too much to say, revolutionized German art. The picture, as we see it to-day in the New Pinakothek in Munich, seems singularly ill-calculated to produce such an upheaval. But looking farther, we recognize that, in the effect of light, the rendering of textures, and the truth of character, it marked a distinct departure from the arid canvasses of the followers of Cornelius, or the *pastiches* of Dutch masters of the *genre* painters. "Boots," said the critics of the day, "being made of leather, should, perhaps, look like leather;" and although the prevailing school had disdained to paint boots at all, and had made all textures as

THE ENTOMBMENT. FROM A PAINTING BY BRUNO PIGLHEIN.

A novel and realistic treatment of a subject depicted by many painters; that of Titian, in the Louvre, being probably the most important. The original is now in the New Pinakothek, Munich.

though representing cardboard, realism gained the day.

Piloty throughout life retained in his native city great influence; and later, as the director of the Academy, had many pupils. In his later years his art became less true in aim, and his first picture remains, perhaps, his best. The "Death of Alexander the Great," here reproduced, or the "Thusnelda," of which the Metropolitan Museum in New York possesses a reduced replica, are somewhat theatrical in arrangement.

Ludwig Knaus, who was born at Wiesbaden, October 10, 1829, and is still living, has been one of the most popular painters of the century. I have chosen for reproduction here an early picture, little known save to those who have visited the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. "The Promenade" was painted in Paris in 1855, and, probably from the influence of the painter's surroundings at the time, contents itself with depicting a simple scene with simplicity. It is painted with a full, free brush, with all the facility to which the painter's later work has accustomed us, but with color which is fresher than most of his work. The chief defect of this talented painter is the self-consciousness of the actors in his painted dramas of child and peasant life. In "The

Promenade" this is absent; but in the scores of pictures by which he is better known it is almost always present.

Of aims which we have agreed to call higher than those of the *genre* painters like Knaus, was Anselm von Feuerbach. Less widely known in Germany or elsewhere than Piloty, Feuerbach shows technically and temperamentally his right to a high place in the art of his country. Feuerbach was born at Speyer, September 12, 1829, and studied first at Düsseldorf under Schadow, and afterwards in Antwerp and in Paris. In the latter place he was a pupil of Couture, and his technical equipment denotes, perhaps, the sound training for which Paris was already renowned in 1850–51, when he was there. He retained, however, strong Germanic traits, and proved once more the oft-proven fact that in strong natures the racial trait dominates, although the theme, as in this case, be drawn from Biblical and mythologic sources. The collection of his works in the gallery with which the Count Schack has so generously endowed Munich, leave an impression of a fine imagination with adequate though restricted technical ability. Feuerbach died in Venice, January 4, 1880.

COUNT VON MOLTKE, FIELD MARSHAL. FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ VON LENBACH.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York.

In the same charming house, which, with its galleries, is now a possession of the city, can best be studied the works of Franz von Lenbach, whose portraits of Bismarck and of the men who made the German Empire are well known. Here, however, he is to be seen in the light of a painter of many differing subjects, although it is as a portraitist that he is most satisfactory. His methods are largely personal, though all based upon the practice of the Venetian painters: but his faculty of seizing the character of his sitter, and, as it were, penetrating beneath the surface of the physiognomy, is peculiarly his own. Lenbach is a Bavarian, born December 15, 1836, at Schrobenhausen.

Berlin possesses, still valiant in his eighty-first year, one of the remarkable painters of the day—perhaps the one German painter who, beyond all cavil or dispute, the world will dignify by the title of master. Adolf Menzel is one of the men whose appearance in any country at any time is apparently not directly traceable to any particular existing condition of time or country. Identified as he is with Germany, a Teuton of the Teutons, he shares with Meissonier the right of being considered one of the two great little masters of the century. Of no particular training since his birth at Breslau, December 8, 1815, by turns lithographer, draughtsman on wood, or painter, as he has seen fit, his work has been in every case more than notable—masterly. The illustrations to the "Life of Frederick the Great," which served to first make him known, resuscitated an entire epoch, and gave the keynote of much of his work. Extreme diversity of subject has never found him wanting, however, in spirited and consummate power of expression; and by himself, isolated, or without visible connection with any of the schools of the century, he has,

THE LAST SUMMONS. FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ VON DEFREGGER.

This is one of a series of pictures relating to the Tyrolean uprising under Andreas Hofer in 1809, of which this painter is the author. It represents the call to arms after the younger men of the country are already in the field.

in many cases, solved the problems of out-of-door painting as easily as before the next subject, which called for the artificial light effects of incandescent metal in a foundry, he has been able to render what he saw.

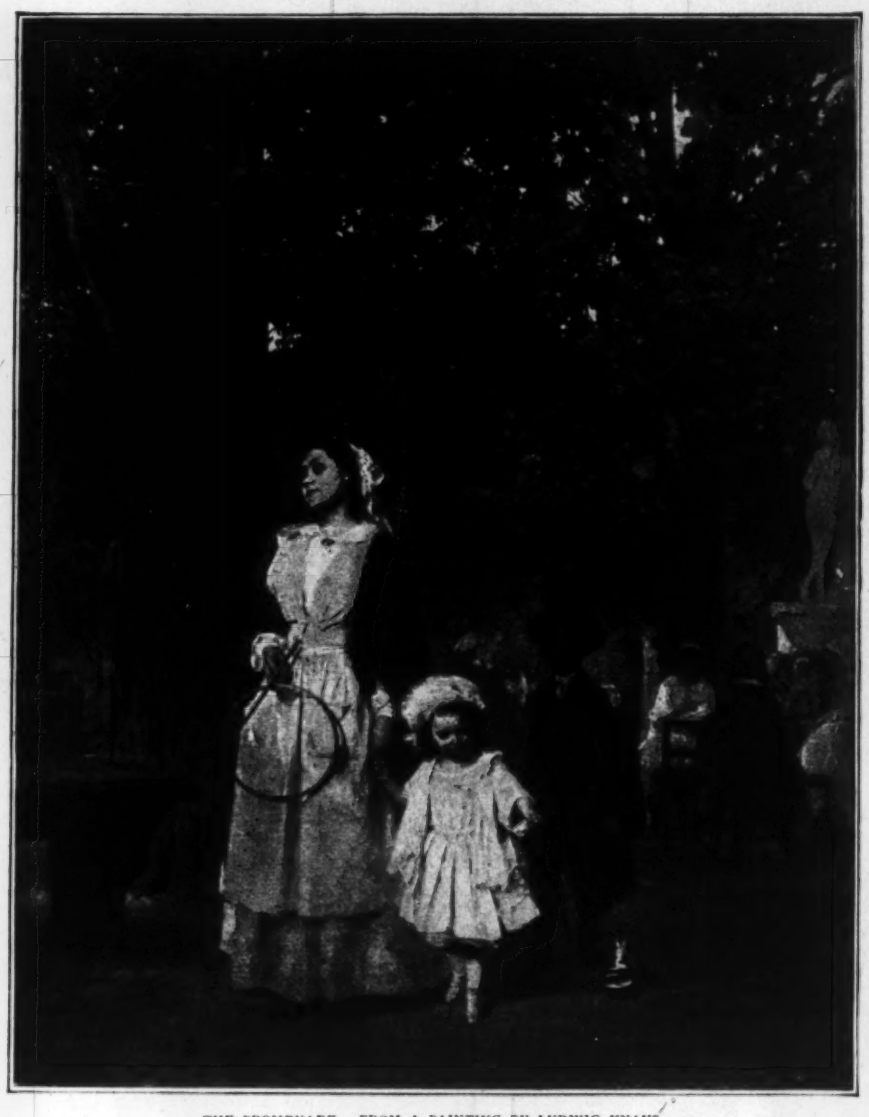
Another exception to the rank and file of German art is Hans Makart. His life, which began at Salzburg, May 29, 1840, and ended in an insane asylum at Vienna, October 3, 1884, is like that of Rubens, to whom he was much indebted in his art. Called to Vienna, when comparatively young, by the Emperor of Austria, he was courted and *fêted* throughout his life, and his art repeats the life of the voluptuous capital of Austria. Huge canvasses like that of the well-known "Hunt of Diana," in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, were produced with great rapidity. Insufficient in technical knowledge, faulty in drawing, and meretricious in color, his work is less esteemed than formerly, but a certain decorative power can hardly be denied him.

Another Viennese painter who was esteemed by the court and led a long life of honor was Josef von Führich, a Bohemian, who was born at Kratzau, February 9, 1800, and died at Vienna, March 13, 1876. In his youth he worked with Overbeck in the decoration of the Casa Massima in Rome, one of the first productions of the nascent Nazarene school. His picture of "Mary's Journey over the Mountain," now in the Vienna gallery, has all the faults of its school, but is saved by a certain candor of imagination.

Franz von Defregger commenced his art career comparatively late in life; but as a farmer in the Tyrol, where he was born at Stronach, April 30, 1835, he had seen and thought much of the scenes to which he has consecrated his art. With a coloration dry and uninteresting, and a certain peasant-like heaviness of *technique*, he has nevertheless the capacity of bringing the Tyrolean vividly before us. His best pictures relate to the time of Hofer's rebellion in 1809.

With Bruno Piglhein, born at Hamburg, February 19, 1848, and the reproduction of the fine "Entombment" in the New Pinakothek at Munich, this cursory review of German art may close. This picture, novel in the presentation of an oft-repeated subject, is a fitting link between the earlier German art and the later, which is full of promise.

That Germany, which in music has shown such temperamental faculty, has never found



THE PROMENADE. FROM A PAINTING BY LUDWIG KNAUS.

The original picture was painted in 1855, and is now in the museum of the Luxembourg, Paris.

an issue in the labyrinthine maze of painting, is true, to speak broadly and to ignore certain individual examples to the contrary. To one who by training and predilection accepts the discoveries of the great Frenchmen of our time, however, the spectacle of a body of painters like those exhibiting at the "Secession" in Munich last summer, is full of interest and promise. When, as in many cases, traces of preoccupation of Paris influence could be felt, there was at the same time an expression of individuality. Notably was this the case in color, where the Munich blackness and bituminous quality of a few years ago was avoided, and almost equally the purple and golden harmonies of the day in France or the United States. There was full, rich color and plenty of it, and in theme the same daring was evident. It was not painting for popular taste, nor was it abstruse and involved like the earlier Munich painting, but it might well develop into an art greater than the one or the other. In form it was treated largely as in color and theme, and in the measure of the possible in making a sweeping comment destined to embrace so many painters of varying talents, I am tempted to believe that the years of art encouragement are at last to bring a result, and give to Germany a truly national art.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES FROM MEN WHO PRACTISED WITH HIM AT THE BAR.—HIS HUMOR AND PERSUASIVENESS.—HIS MANNER OF PREPARING CASES, EXAMINING WITNESSES, AND ADDRESSING JURIES.

ONE of the first books which interested Abraham Lincoln as a boy was a treatise on law, the "Statutes of Indiana." From the time that he read it, he never let a law book pass him. When he was about twenty-four years old Lincoln by chance found himself the owner of a set of Blackstone's Commentaries; the reading of them was an amazement and an inspiration. "Never in my whole life," said he afterwards, "was my mind so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I devoured them."

Engrossing as Lincoln found the Commentaries, he did not get from them the idea of becoming a lawyer. In fact, the notion was not original with him. He never conceived but one ambition for himself; that was a public career. It was necessary that a friend urge him to read law and offer to lend him the books required before it occurred to him that the profession was within his reach. He accepted the suggestion, however, as soon as made, giving all his leisure for the next three or four years to legal reading, and was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1836. From the time when he began the practice of law in 1836 until he went to Congress in 1847, his business was much interrupted by politics; the law was secondary to public life. It was not, in fact, until Lincoln returned from Congress in 1849 and found himself out of politics that he made the law his first interest. Rejoining his partner Herndon—the firm of Lincoln and Herndon had been only a name during Lincoln's term in Washington—he took up the practice with a singleness of purpose which had never before characterized him in it.

COLONEL WARD HILL LAMON.

Lamon was a Virginian who went to Danville, Illinois, about 1850. Soon after, he formed a partnership with Lincoln. In 1859 he removed to Bloomington. Lamon supported Lincoln warmly for the presidency, and when the latter was elected, he was appointed marshal of the District of Columbia. Lamon published a life of Lincoln in 1872. Most of the material he used had been gathered by William H. Herndon, who afterwards worked it over into his well-known "Life."

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS, 1815–1886.

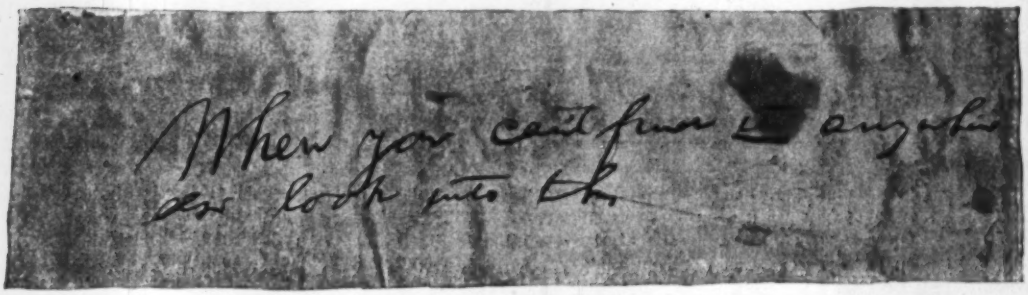
A native of Maryland, Judge Davis removed to Illinois in 1835, and began the practice of the law at Bloomington. He was elected judge of the Eighth Circuit in 1848, and there became a warm friend of Lincoln, whom he supported efficiently for the presidency. In 1862 Lincoln appointed Davis a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1872 he was chosen presidential candidate by the Labor Reform Party, but retired from the contest. He succeeded John A. Logan in the United States Senate in 1877. From 1881 to 1883 he was president of the Senate. In the latter year he retired to his home in Bloomington, where he died three years later.

ON THE CIRCUIT.

Lincoln's headquarters were in Springfield, but his practice was itinerant. The arrangements for the administration of justice in Illinois in the early days were suited to the conditions of the country, the State being divided into judicial circuits including more or less territory according to the population. To each circuit a judge was appointed, who each spring and fall travelled from county-seat to county-seat to hold court. With the judge travelled a certain number of the best-known lawyers of the district. Each lawyer had, of course, a permanent office, in

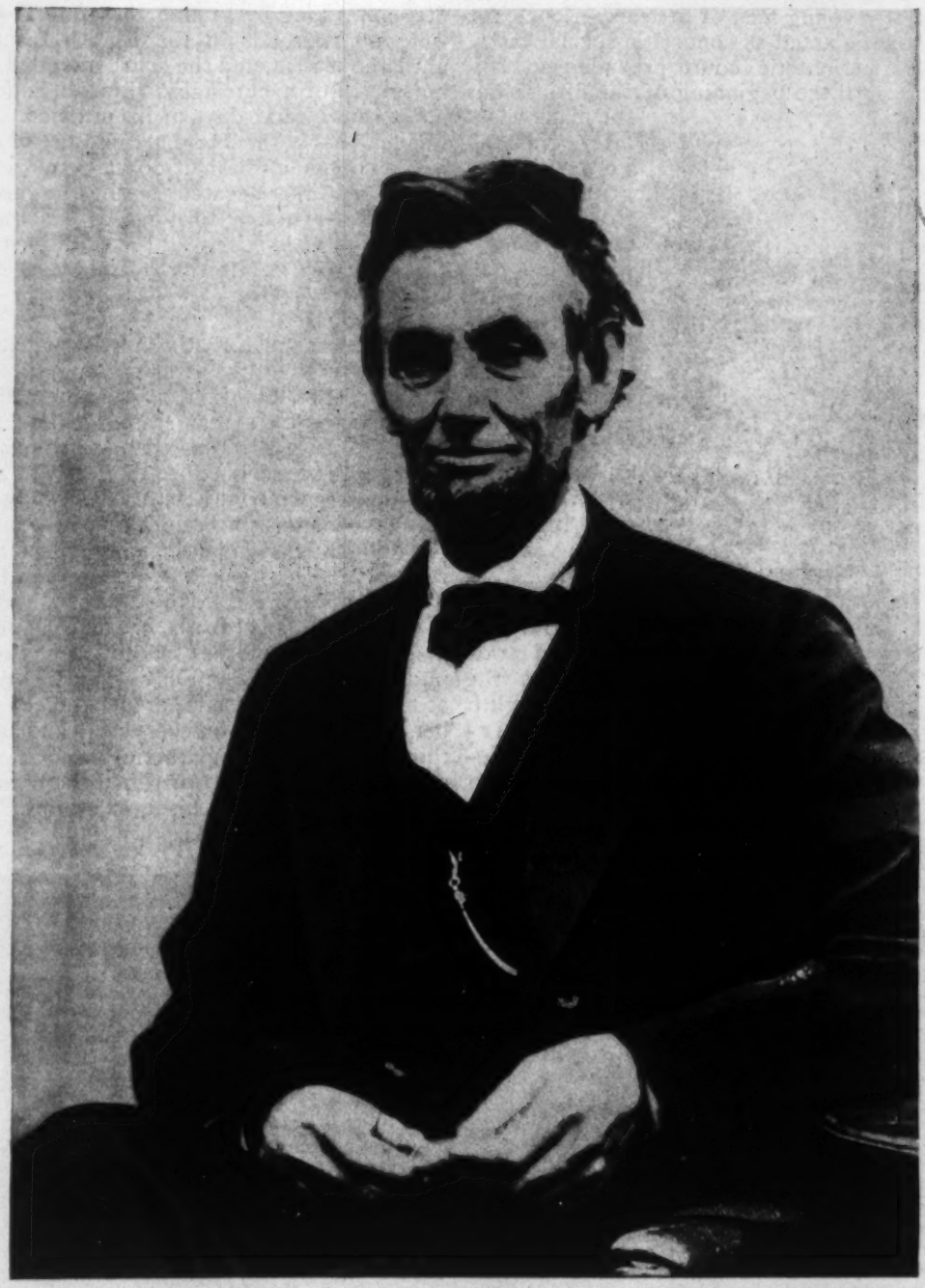
LINCOLN'S OFFICE BOOK-CASE, CHAIR, AND INK-STAND.

This group of furniture is in the Lincoln collection of Mr. William H. Lambert of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It formerly belonged to the Lincoln Memorial Collection of Chicago. Accompanying the ink-stand is a letter saying that Mr. Lincoln wrote from it the famous "house-divided-against-itself" speech. The book-case is kept filled by Mr. Lambert with works on Lincoln.



A LINCOLN MEMORANDUM.

From the Lincoln collection in the law offices of Messrs. Vanuxem & Potter of Philadelphia. This characteristic memorandum was found by Messrs. Herndon and Weik in looking over the papers in Lincoln's law office. It was the label to a package of letters, pamphlets, and newspapers which he had tied together and marked.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1865.

From the last original unretouched negative of the martyred President, made by Alexander Gardner, photographer to the Army of the Potomac, the Sunday before the assassination, while Lincoln was sharpening a pencil for his son Tad. Copyright, 1894, by Watson Porter, and published only by the Sprague & Hathaway Company, West Somerville, Massachusetts.

one of the county-seats, and often at several of the others he had partners, usually young men of little experience, for whom he acted as counsel in special cases. This peripatetic court prevailed in Illinois until the beginning of the fifties; but for many years after, when the towns had grown so large that a clever lawyer might have enough to do in his own county, a few lawyers, Lincoln among them, who from long association felt that the circuit was their natural habitat, refused to leave it.

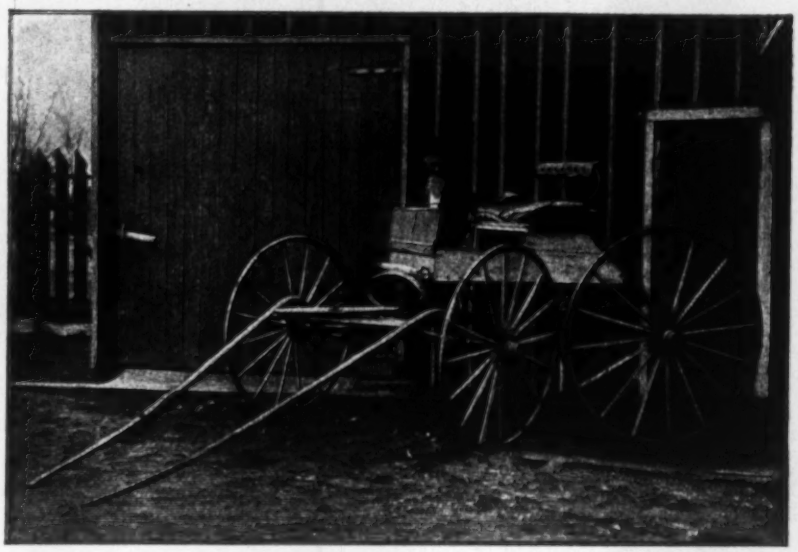
WILLIAM H. HERNDON, LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER FROM 1844 TO 1860.

William Henry Herndon was born in Greensburg, Kentucky, December 25, 1818. In 1820 his parents removed to Illinois. He became a student in Illinois College at Jacksonville; but at the end of a year his father, fearing that William's mind might be contaminated by the Abolition sentiment which prevailed in the institution, took him home. This precaution came too late, for the seed was already sown. William then became a clerk in the store of Joshua F. Speed. Later he read law with Logan and Lincoln. In the fall of 1844 he became Lincoln's partner, although he was not admitted to the bar until December 9, 1844. He continued in partnership with Lincoln until the latter's death. In 1866 he delivered four lectures on Lincoln, and about this time commenced the preparation of the biography which was completed twenty years later. In politics, Mr. Herndon was first a Whig and then a Republican. He was mayor of Springfield, prosecuting attorney, and State Bank commissioner by appointment of Governors Bissell, Yates, and Oglesby. He died in 1891.—*J. McCan Davis.*

The circuit which Lincoln travelled was known as the old "Eighth Judicial Circuit." It included fifteen counties in 1845, though the territory has since been divided into more. It was about one hundred and fifty miles long by as many broad. There were no railroads in the Eighth Circuit until about 1854, and the court travelled on horseback or in carriages. Lincoln had no horse in the early days of his practice. It was his habit then to borrow one, or to join a company of a half dozen or more in hiring a "three-seated spring wagon." Later he owned a turn-out of his own, which figures in nearly all the traditions of the Eighth Circuit; the horse being described as "poky" and the buggy as "rattling."

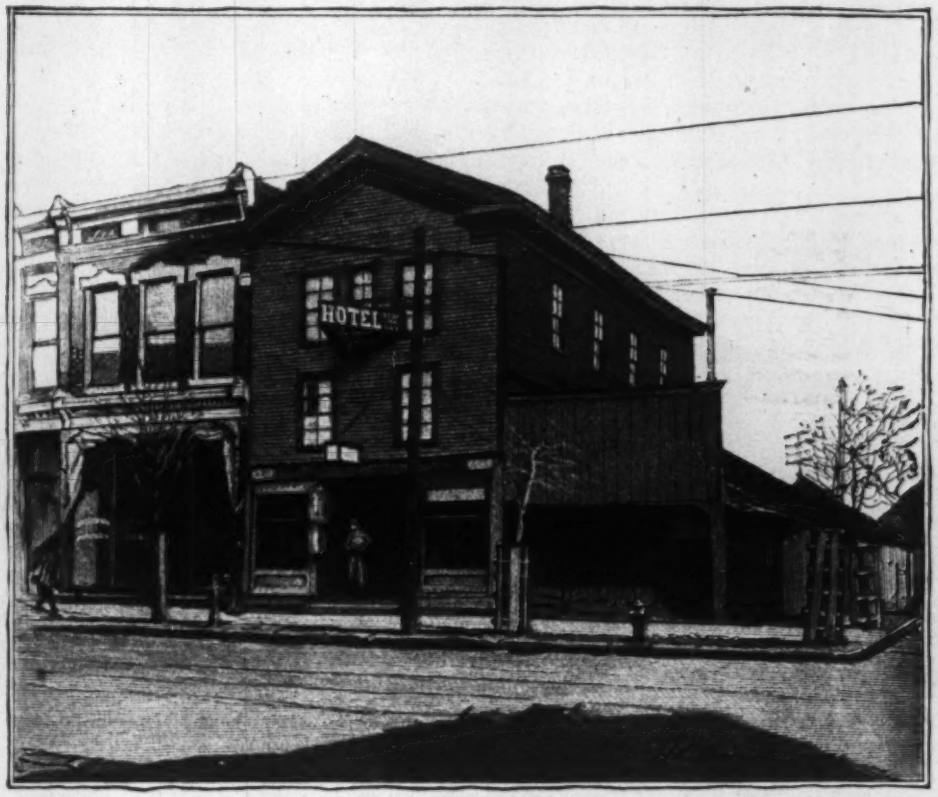
There was much that was irritating and uncomfortable in the circuit-riding of the Illinois court, but there was more which was amusing to a temperament like Lincoln's. The freedom, the long days in the open air, the unexpected if trivial adventures, the meeting with wayfarers and settlers—all was an entertainment to him. He found humor and human interest on the route where his companions saw nothing but commonplaces. "He saw the ludicrous in an assemblage of fowls, in a man spading his garden, in a clothes-line full of clothes, in a group of boys, in a lot of pigs rooting at a mill door, in a mother duck teaching her brood to swim—in everything and anything."* The sympathetic observations of these long rides furnished humorous settings for some of his best stories. If

* Henry C. Whitney in "Life on the Circuit."



AN ILLINOIS BUGGY OF LINCOLN'S TIME.

This buggy, owned by Mr. John E. Roll of Springfield, Illinois, is similar to the one in which Lincoln rode over the circuit, when he did not go on horseback. Mr. Roll bought the buggy nearly half a century ago. It was a part of almost every Lincoln procession at Springfield in the campaign of 1860.



THE BARNUM BUILDING (NOW A HOTEL), DANVILLE, ILLINOIS, WHERE LINCOLN AND LAMON HAD THEIR LAW OFFICE.

From a photograph loaned by H. W. Beckwith.

frequently on these trips he fell into sombre reveries and rode with head bent, ignoring his companions, generally he took part in all the frolicking which went on, joining in practical jokes, singing noisily with the rest, sometimes even playing a Jew's-harp.

When the county-seat was reached, the bench and bar quickly settled themselves in the town tavern. It was usually a large two-story house with big rooms and long verandas. There was little exclusiveness possible in these hostelries. Ordinarily judge and lawyer slept two in a bed, and three or four beds in a room. They ate at the common table with jurors, witnesses, prisoners out on bail, travelling peddlers, teamsters, and laborers. The only attempt at classification on the landlord's part was seating the lawyers in a group at the head of the table. Most of them accepted this distinction complacently. Lincoln, however, seemed to be indifferent to it. One day, when he had come in and seated himself at the foot with the "fourth estate," the landlord called to him, "You're in the wrong place, Mr. Lincoln; come up here."

"Have you anything better to eat up there, Joe?" he inquired quizzically; "if not, I'll stay here."*

The accommodations of the taverns were often unsatisfactory—the food poorly cooked, the beds hard. Lincoln accepted everything with uncomplaining good nature, though his companions habitually growled at the hardships of the life. It was not only repugnance to criticism which might hurt others, it was the indifference of one whose thoughts were always busy with problems apart from physical comfort, who had little sense of the so-called "refinements of life," and almost no notion of luxury and ease.

The judge naturally was the leading character in these nomadic groups. He received all the special consideration the democratic spirit of the inhabitants bestowed on any one, and controlled his privacy and his time to a degree. Judge David Davis, who from 1848 presided over the Eighth Circuit as long as Mr. Lincoln travelled it, was a man of unusual force of character, of large learning, quick impulses, and strong prejudices. Lincoln

* Interview with Mr. Abraham Brokaw of Bloomington, Illinois.

COURT-HOUSE AT DANVILLE, ILLINOIS, WHERE LINCOLN PRACTISED.

was from the beginning of their association a favorite with Judge Davis. Unless he joined the circle which the judge formed in his room after supper, his honor was impatient and distraught, interrupting the conversation constantly by demanding: "Where's Lincoln?" "Why don't Lincoln come?" And when Lincoln did come, the judge would draw out story after story, quieting everybody who interrupted with an impatient, "Mr. Lincoln is talking." If anyone came to the door to see the host in the midst of one of Lincoln's stories he would send a lawyer into the hall to see what was wanted, and, as soon as the door closed, order Lincoln to "go ahead."

The appearance of the court in a town was invariably a stimulus to its social life. In all of the county-seats there were a few fine homes of which the dignity, spaciousness, and elegance still impress the traveller through Illinois. The hospitality of these houses was most generous. Dinners, receptions, and suppers followed one another as soon as the court began. Lincoln was a favorite figure at all these gatherings.

His favorite field, however, was the court. The court-houses of Illinois in which he practised were not log houses, as has been frequently taken for granted. "It is not probable," says a leading member of the Illinois bar,* "Mr. Lincoln ever saw a log court-house in central Illinois, where he practised law, unless he saw one at Decatur, in Macon County. In a conversation between three members of the Supreme Court of Illinois, all of whom had been born in this State and had lived in it all their lives, and who were certainly familiar with the central portions of the State, all declared they had never seen a log court-house in the State."

The court-houses in which Lincoln practised were stiff, old-fashioned wood or brick structures, usually capped by cupola or tower, and surrounded by verandas with huge Doric or Ionic pillars. They were finished inside in the most uncompromising style—hard white walls, unpainted woodwork, pine floors, wooden benches. Usually they were heated by huge Franklin stoves, with yards of stove-pipe running wildly through the air, searching for an exit, and threatening momentarily to unjoint and tumble in sections. Few of the lawyers had offices in the town; and a corner of the court-room, the shade of a tree in the court-yard, a sunny side of a building, were where they met their clients and transacted business.

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

In the courts themselves there was a certain indifference to formality engendered by the primitive surroundings, which, however, the judges never allowed to interfere with the seriousness of the work. Lincoln habitually, when not busy, whispered stories to his neighbors, frequently to the annoyance of Judge Davis. If Lincoln persisted too long, the judge would rap on the chair and exclaim, "Come, come, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stand this! There is no use trying to carry on two courts; I must adjourn mine or you yours, and I think you will have to be the one." As soon as the group had scattered, the judge would call one of the men to him and ask, "What was that Lincoln was telling?"

"I was never fined but once for contempt of court," says one of the clerks of the court in Lincoln's day who is still living. "Davis fined me five dollars. Mr. Lincoln had just come in, and leaning over my desk had told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out into a loud laugh. The judge called me to order in haste, saying, 'This must be stopped. Mr. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.' Then to me, 'You may fine yourself five dollars for your disturbance.' I apologized, but told the judge that the story was worth the money. In a few minutes the judge leaned over and called me to him. 'What was the story Lincoln told you?' he said. I told him, and he laughed aloud in spite of himself. 'Remit your fine,' he ordered." *

ABRAM LINCOLN, *Springfield.* W. H. LAMON, *Danville.*

Lincoln & Lamon,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

HAVING formed a co-partnership, will practice in the Courts of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and the Superior Court, and all business entrusted to them will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

☞ Office on the second floor of the "Barnum Building," over Whitcomb's Store.

Danville, Nov. 10, 1852. 2 16 1y

LINCOLN AND LAMON'S PROFESSIONAL CARD.

From "The Iroquois Journal" of July 6, 1853, published at Middleport, Iroquois County, Illinois. Lincoln's custom of forming partnerships with young lawyers at different county-seats in the Eighth Circuit explains why so large a number of his survivors claim to have been law partners.

The partiality of Judge Davis for Lincoln was shared by the members of the court generally. The unaffected friendliness and helpfulness of his nature had more to do with this than his wit and cleverness. If there was a new clerk in court, a stranger unused to the ways of the place, Lincoln was the first—sometimes the only one—to shake hands with him and congratulate him on his election. †

"No lawyer on the circuit was more unassuming than was Mr. Lincoln," says one who practised with him. "He arrogated to himself no superiority over anyone—not even the most obscure member of the bar. He treated everyone with that simplicity and kindness that friendly neighbors manifest in their relations with one another. He was remarkably gentle with young lawyers becoming permanent residents at the several county-seats in the circuit where he had practised for so many years. . . . The result was, he became the much-beloved senior member of the bar. No young lawyer ever practised in the courts with Mr. Lincoln who did not in all his after life have a regard for him akin to personal affection." *

"I remember with what confidence I always went to him," says Judge Lawrence Welden, who first knew Lincoln at the bar in 1854, "because I was certain he knew all about the matter and would most cheerfully help me. I can see him now, through the decaying memories of thirty years, standing in the corner of the old court-room; and as I approached him with a paper I did not understand, he said, 'Wait until I fix this plug for my "gallis" and I will pitch into that like a dog at a root.' While speaking he was busily engaged in trying to connect his suspenders with his pants by making a plug perform the function of a button."

If for any reason Lincoln was absent from court, he was missed perhaps as no other man on the Eighth Circuit could have been, and his return greeted joyously. He was not less happy himself to rejoin his friends. "Ain't you glad I've come?" he would call out, as he came up to shake hands.

LINCOLN'S CASES.

The cases which fell to Lincoln on the Eighth Circuit were of the sort common to a new country. Litigation over bordering lines and deeds, over damages by wander-

* Interview with Judge William G. Ewing of Chicago, Illinois.

† See story by W. H. Somers of El Cajon, California, in McClure's "Early Life of Abraham Lincoln," page 113.

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

ing cattle, and broils at country festivities. Few of the cases were of large importance. When a client came to Lincoln his first effort was to arrange matters, if possible, and avoid a suit. In a few notes for a law lecture prepared about 1850, he says:

"Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

"Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife, and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

He carried out this in his practice. "Who was your guardian?" he asked a young man who came to him to complain that a part of the property left him had been withheld. "Enoch Kingsbury," replied the young man.

"I know Mr. Kingsbury," said Lincoln, "and he is not the man to have cheated you out of a cent, and I can't take the case, and advise you to drop the subject." And it was dropped.*

"We shall not take your case," he said to a man who had shown that by a legal technicality he could win property worth six hundred dollars. "You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

He more than once dropped a case after he had undertaken it, when convinced he had been deceived.. "Swett, the man is guilty. You defend him; I can't," he said to his associate in a murder case, after hearing the testimony, and he would not. It was not only his sense of justice which revolted against helping a guilty man escape; unless he believed his cause right he knew he could not do his duty to his client. "If I attempt, the jury will see that I think he is guilty and convict him, of course," he said one day, when urged to defend a man who had engaged him.

Where he saw injustice he was quick to offer his services to the wronged party. A pleasant example of this is related by Joseph Jefferson in his "Autobiography." In 1839, Jefferson, then a lad of ten years, travelled through Illinois with his father's theatrical company. After playing at Chicago, Quincy, Peoria, and Pekin, the company went in the fall to Springfield, where the sight of the legislature tempted the elder Jefferson and his partner to remain throughout the season. But there was no theatre. Not to be daunted they built one. But hardly had they completed it before a religious revival broke out in the town, and the church people turned all their influence against the theatre. So effectually did they work that a law was passed by the municipality imposing a license which was practically prohibitory. "In the midst of our trouble," says Jefferson, "a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of to-day. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter. His good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off." The "young lawyer" was Lincoln.

PREPARING A CASE.

Having accepted a case, Lincoln's first object seemed to be to reduce it to its simplest elements. "If I can clean this case of technicalities, and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it," he told his partner Herndon one day. He began by getting at what seemed to him the pivot on which it rested. Sure of that, he cared little for anything else. He trusted very little to books; a great deal to common sense and the sense of right and wrong.

"In the make of his character Mr. Lincoln had many elements essential to the successful circuit lawyer," says one of his fellow-practitioners. "He knew much of the law as written in the books, and had that knowledge ready for use at all times. That was a valuable possession in the absence of law books, where none were

* Private letter from J. G. Kingsbury of Indianapolis, Indiana.

JUDICIAL CIRCUIT WHICH LINCOLN TRAVELLED IN PRACTISING LAW.

This map was made especially for McClure's Magazine from data furnished by H. W. Beckwith of Danville, Illinois. Before Mr. Lincoln left the law, Ford County was organized from Vermilion, and Douglas from Coles. Tazewell County has had two county-seats, the first being Tremont, the second and present one being Pekin. Logan has had three county-seats; the second, Mount Pulaski, was where Lincoln practised. The town of Lincoln has since become the county-seat of Logan County.

obtainable on the circuit. But he had more than a knowledge of the law. He knew right and justice, and knew how to make their application to the affairs of every-day life. That was an element in his character that gave him power to prevail with the jury when arguing a case before them. Few lawyers ever had the influence with a jury that Mr. Lincoln had." *

When a case was clear to him and he was satisfied of its justice, he trusted to taking advantage of the developments of the trial to win. For this reason he made few notes beforehand, rarely writing out his plan of argument. Those he left are amusingly brief; for instance, the notes made for a suit he had brought against a pension agent who had withheld as fee half of the pension he had obtained for the aged widow of a Revolutionary soldier. Lincoln was deeply indignant at the agent, and had resolved to win his suit. He read up the Revolutionary War afresh, and when he came to address the jury drew a harrowing picture of the private soldier's sufferings and of the trials of his separation from his wife. The notes for this argument ran as follows:

"No contract—Not Professional Services. Unreasonable charge.—Money retained by Def't not given by Pl.'ff.—Revolutionary War.—Soldier's bleeding feet.—Pl.'ff's husband.—Soldier leaving home for army.—*Skin def't.*—Close."

Lincoln's reason for not taking notes, as he told it to H. W. Beckwith, a student in the Danville office of Lincoln and Lamon, was: "Notes are a bother, taking time to make, and more to hunt them up afterwards; lawyers who do so soon get the habit of referring to them so much that it confuses and tires the jury." "He relied on his well-trained memory," says Mr. Beckwith, "that recorded and indexed every passing detail. And by his skilful questions, a joke, or pat retort as the trial progressed, he steered his jury from the bayous and eddies of side issues and kept them clear of the snags and sandbars, if any were put in the real channel of his case."

Much of his strength lay in his skill in examining witnesses. "He had a most remarkable talent for examining witnesses," says an intimate associate; "with

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

him it was a rare gift. It was a power to compel a witness to disclose the whole truth. Even a witness at first unfriendly, under his kindly treatment would finally become friendly, and would wish to tell nothing he could honestly avoid against him, if he could state nothing for him." *

He could not endure an unfair use of testimony or the misrepresentation of his own position. "In the Harrison murder case," says Mr. T. W. S. Kidd of Springfield, a crier of the court in Lincoln's day, "the prosecuting attorney stated that such a witness made a certain statement, when Mr. Lincoln rose and made such a plaintive appeal to the attorney to correct the statement, that the attorney actually made the *amende honorable*, and afterwards remarked to a brother lawyer that he could deny his own child's appeal as quickly as he could Mr. Lincoln's."

Sometimes under provocation he became violently angry. In the murder case referred to above, the judge ruled contrary to his expectations, and, as Mr. Lincoln said, contrary to the decision of the Supreme Court in a similar case. "Both Mr. Lincoln and Judge Logan, who was with him in the case," says Mr. Kidd, "rose to their feet quick as thought. I do think he was the most unearthly looking man I had ever seen. He roared like a lion suddenly aroused from his lair, and said and did more in ten minutes than I ever heard him say or saw him do before in an hour."

He depended a great deal upon his stories in pleading, using them as illustrations which demonstrated the case more conclusively than argument could have done. Judge H. W. Beckwith of Danville, Illinois, in his "Personal Recollections of Lincoln," tells a story which is a good example of Lincoln's way of condensing the law and the facts of an issue in a story.

"A man, by vile words, first provoked and then made a bodily attack upon another. The latter in defending himself gave the other much the worst of the encounter. The aggressor, to get even, had the one who thrashed him tried in our circuit court upon a charge of an assault and battery. Mr. Lincoln defended, and told the jury that his client was in the fix of a man who, in going along the highway with a pitchfork on his shoulder, was attacked by a fierce dog that ran out at him from a farmer's door-yard. In parrying off the brute with the fork its prongs stuck into the brute and killed him.

"'What made you kill my dog?' said the farmer.

"'What made him try to bite me?'

"'But why did you not go at him with the other end of the pitchfork?'

"'Why did he not come after me with his other end?' At this Mr. Lincoln whirled about in his long arms an imaginary dog and pushed its tail end toward the jury. This was the defensive plea of '*son assault demesne*'—loosely, that 'the other fellow brought on the fight,'—quickly told, and in a way the dullest mind would grasp and retain."

Mr. T. W. S. Kidd says that he once heard a lawyer opposed to Lincoln trying to convince a jury that precedent was superior to law, and that custom made things legal in all cases. When Lincoln arose to answer him he told the jury he would argue his case in the same way. Said he: "Old 'Squire Bagly, from Menard, came into my office and said, 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him he had not; when the old 'squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly, and said: 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer. Now Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and I bet him a 'squire could do it, and we agreed to let you decide; but if this is your opinion I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better, for I have been 'squire now eight years and have done it all the time.'"

His way of telling stories had much to do with the effect. "When he chose to do so, he could place the opposite party, and his counsel too, for that matter, in a most ridiculous attitude by relating in his inimitable way a pertinent story. That often gave him a great advantage with the jury. A young lawyer had brought an action in trespass to recover damages done to his client's growing crops by defendant's hogs. The right of action under the law of Illinois, as it was then, depended on the fact whether plaintiff's fence was sufficient to turn ordinary stock. There was some little conflict in the evidence on that question; but the weight of the testimony was decidedly in favor of plaintiff, and sustained beyond all doubt his cause of action. Mr. Lincoln appeared for defendant. There was no controversy as to the damage done by defendant's stock. The only thing in the case that could possibly admit of any discussion was the condition of plaintiff's fence; and as the testimony on that question seemed to be

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

in favor of plaintiff, and as the sum involved was little in amount, Mr. Lincoln did not deem it necessary to argue the case seriously, but by way of saying something in behalf of his client he told a little story about a *fence* that was so *crooked* that when a hog went through an opening in it, invariably it came out on the same side from whence it started. His description of the confused look of the hog after several times going through the fence and still finding itself on the side from which it had started, was a humorous specimen of the best story-telling. The effect was to make plaintiff's case appear ridiculous; and while Mr. Lincoln did not attempt to apply the story to the case, the jury seemed to think it had some kind of application to the fence in controversy—otherwise he would not have told it—and shortly returned a verdict for defendant." *

Those unfamiliar with his methods frequently took his stories as an effort to wring a laugh from the jury. A lawyer, a stranger to Mr. Lincoln, once expressed to General Linder the opinion that this practice of Lincoln was a waste of time. "Don't lay that flattering unction to your soul," Linder answered; "Lincoln is like Tansey's horse, he 'breaks to win.'"

But it was not his stories, it was his clearness which was his strongest point. He meant that the jury should see that he was right. For this reason he never used a word which the dullest juryman could not understand. Rarely, if ever, did a Latin term creep into his arguments. A lawyer quoting a legal maxim one day in court, turned to Lincoln, and said: "That is so, is it not, Mr. Lincoln?"

"If that's Latin," Lincoln replied, "you had better call another witness."

His illustrations were almost always of the homeliest kind. He did not care to "go among the ancients for figures," he said.†

"Much of the force of his argument lay in his logical and concise statement of the facts of a case. When he had in that way secured a clear understanding of the facts, the jury and the court would seem naturally to follow him in his conclusions as to the law of the case. His simple and natural presentation of the facts seemed to give the impression that the jury were themselves making the statement. He had the happy and unusual faculty of making the jury believe *they*—and not *he*—were trying the case. Mr. Lincoln kept himself in the background, and apparently assumed nothing more than to be an *assistant* counsel to the court or the jury, on whom the primary responsibility for the final decision of the case in fact rested." *

He rarely consulted books during a trial, lest he lose the attention of the jury, and if obliged to, translated their statements into the simplest terms. In his desire to keep his case clear he rarely argued points which seemed to him unessential. "In law it is good policy never to plead what you need not, lest you oblige yourself to prove what you can not," he wrote. He would thus give away point after point with an indifferent "I reckon that's so," until the point which he considered pivotal was reached, and there he hung.

"In making a speech," says Mr. John Hill,† "Mr. Lincoln was the plainest man I ever heard. He was not a speaker but a talker. He talked to jurors and to political gatherings plain, sensible, candid talk, almost as in conversation, no effort whatever in oratory. But his talking had wonderful effect. Honesty, candor, fairness, everything that was convincing, was in his manner and expressions."

This candor of which Mr. Hill speaks characterized his entire conduct of a trial. "It is well understood by the profession," says General Mason Brayman, "that lawyers do not read authorities favoring the opposing side. I once heard Mr. Lincoln, in the Supreme Court of Illinois, reading from a reported case some strong points in favor of his argument. Reading a little too far, and before becoming aware of it, he plunged into an authority against himself. Pausing a moment, he drew up his shoulders in a comical way, and half laughing, went on, 'There, there, may it please the court, I reckon I've scratched up a snake. But, as I'm in for it, I guess I'll read it through.' Then, in his most ingenious and matchless manner, he went on with his argument, and won his case, convincing the court that it was not much of a snake after all." ‡

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.
† T. W. S. Kidd.

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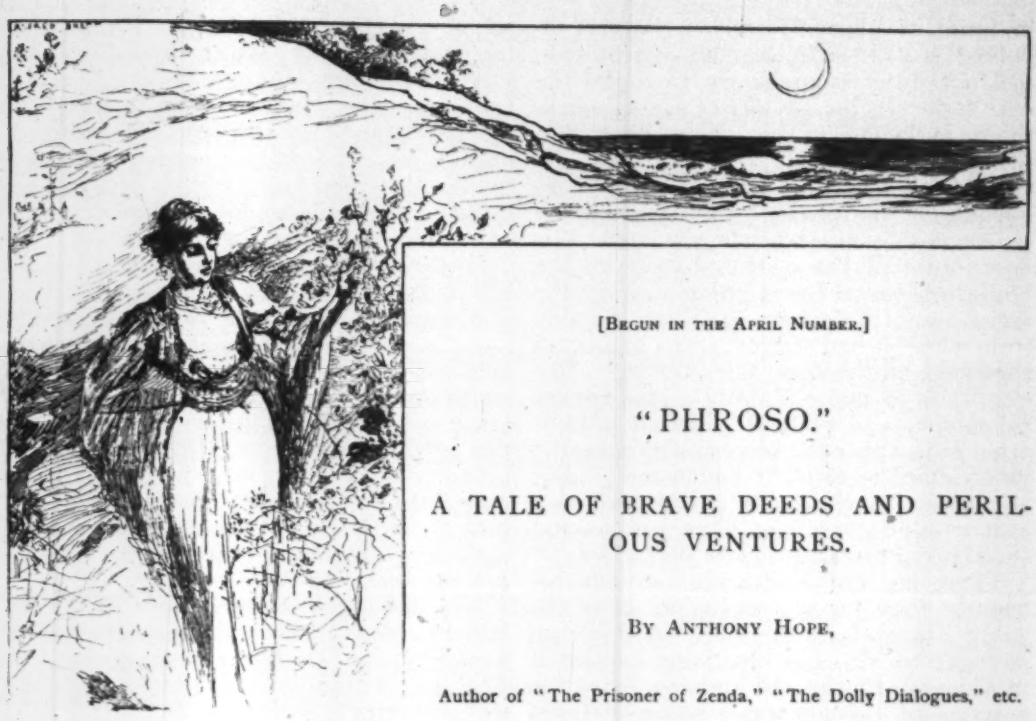
† Private letter from Mr. John Hill of Columbus, Georgia, a son of Samuel Hill of New Salem.
‡ Unpublished manuscript from the papers of the late General Mason Brayman, loaned by his daughter, Mrs. Mary B. Gowdy of Kansas City, Missouri.

[*The consideration of Lincoln as a lawyer will be continued in the August number of the Magazine.*]



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

THE JUSTICE OF THE ISLAND.

THE old man with the picture made his way to the centre of the level spot. Thrice he raised the picture toward the sky, every one uncovering his head and kneeling down the while. He began to pray, but I did not listen to what he said; for by this time my attention had wandered from him and was fixed intently on a small group which occupied the centre of the raised bank. For there, sitting side by side, with the span of a foot or so between them, were Phroso and her cousin Constantine. On a rude hurdle, covered with a rug, at Constantine's feet, lay Vlacho, his face pale and his eyes closed. Behind Phroso stood my new acquaintance, Kortes, with one hand on the knife in his girdle and the other holding a long gun that rested on the ground. One figure I missed. I looked round for Constantine's wife, but she was nowhere to be seen. Then I looked again at Phroso. She was dressed in rich fine garments of white, profusely embroidered, but her face was paler even than Vlacho's; and when I sought her eyes she would not meet mine, but kept her gaze persistently lowered. Constantine sat motionless, with a frown on his brow, but a slight smile on his lips, as he waited with an obviously forced patience through the long rigmarole of the old man's prayer.

It was evident that important business was to be transacted, but nobody seemed to be in a hurry to arrive at it. When the old priest had finished his prayer the cripples came and prostrated themselves before the sacred picture. No miracle, however, followed, and the priest took up the tale again, pouring forth a copious harangue, in which I detected frequent references to "the barbarians"—a term he used to denote my friends, myself, and all the world, apparently, except the islanders of Neopalia. Then he took his seat between Phroso and Constantine, who made room for him. I was surprised to see him assume so much dignity, but I presumed that he was treated with exceptional honor on the feast day. When he had taken his place, about twenty of the men came into the middle of the ring and began to dance, arranging themselves in a semi-circle, moving at first in slow rhythmical steps and gradually quickening their motions till they ended in a wonderful display of activity. During this performance Phroso and Constantine sat still and impassive, and Vlacho's lifeless face was scorched by the growing heat of the sun. The men who had been told off to watch me leant on their long guns, and I wondered wearily

when my part in this strangely mixed ceremony was to begin.

At last it came. The dance ended, the performers flung themselves fatigued on the turf, there was a hush of expectation, and the surrounding crowd of women and children drew closer in toward where the men had taken up their position in ranks on either side of the central seats. "Step forward," said one of my guards, and I, obeying him, lifted my hat and bowed to Phroso. Then, replacing my hat, I stood waiting the pleasure of the assembly. All eyes were fixed on Constantine, who remained seated and silent yet a little while longer. Then he rose slowly to his feet, bowed to Phroso, and pointed in a melodramatic fashion at Vlacho's body. But I was not in the least inclined to listen to an oration in the manner of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar, and just as Constantine opened his mouth I observed loudly:

"Yes, I killed him, and the reason no man knows better than Constantine Stefanopoulos."

Constantine glared at me and, ignoring the bearing of my remark, broke into a eulogism on the dead innkeeper. It was coldly received. Vlacho's virtues were not recognized by any outburst of grief or indignation; indeed there was a smothered laugh or two when Constantine called him "a brave, true man." The orator detected his failure, and shifted his ground dexterously, passing on in rapid transition to ask in what quarrel Vlacho had died. Now he was gripping his audience; they drew closer; they became very still; angry and threatening glances were bent on me. Constantine lashed himself to fury as he cried: "He died for our island, which this barbarian claims as his!"

"He died—" I began; but a heavy hand on my shoulder and the menace of a knife cut short my protest. Demetri had come and taken his stand by me, and I knew that Demetri would jump at the first excuse to make my silence perpetual. So I held my peace, and the men caught up Constantine's last point and cried angrily: "Aye, he takes our island from us."

"Yes," said Constantine, "he has taken our island, and he claims it for his; he has killed our brethren, and put our lady out of her inheritance. What shall he suffer? For although we may not kill on St. Tryphon's day, we may judge on it, and the sentence may be performed at daybreak to-morrow. What shall this man suffer? Is he not worthy of death?"

It was what lawyers call a leading question, and it found its expected answer in a deep, fierce growl of "Death! Death!" Clearly the island was the thing, Vlacho's death merely an incidental affair of no great importance. I suppose that Phroso understood this as well as I, for now she rose suddenly. Constantine seemed disinclined to be interrupted, but she stood her ground firmly, though her face was very pale, and I saw her hands tremble; at last he sank back on to the bank.

"Why this turmoil?" she asked. "The stranger did not know our customs. He thought that the island was his by right, and when he was attacked, he defended himself. I pray you may all fight as bravely as he has fought."

"But the island, the island!" they cried.

"Yes," said she, "I also love the island. Well, he has given back the island to me. Behold his writing!" She held up the paper which I had given to her, and read the writing aloud in a clear voice. "What have you against him now?" she asked. "His people have loved the Hellenes. He has given back the island. Why shall he not depart in peace?"

The effect was great. The old priest seized the paper and scanned it eagerly; it was snatched from him and passed rapidly from hand to hand, greeted with surprised murmurs and intense excitement. Phroso stood watching its progress; Constantine sat with a heavy scowl on his face, and the frown grew yet deeper when I smiled at him with pleasant urbanity.

"It is true," said the priest, with a sigh of relief. "He has given back the island, and he need not die."

Phroso sat down; a sudden faintness seemed to follow on the strain, and I saw Kortes support her with his arm. But Constantine was not beaten yet; he sprang up and cried in a bitterly scornful tone:

"Aye, let him go—let him go to Rhodes and tell the governor that you sought to slay him and his friends, and that you extorted the paper from him by threat of death, and that he gave it in fear but did not mean it, and that you are turbulent, murderous men, who deserve great punishment. How guileless you are, O Neopalians! But this man is not guileless. He can delude a girl. He can delude you also, it seems. Aye, let him go with his story to the governor at Rhodes, and do you hide in the rocks when the governor comes with his soldiers. Hide yourselves and hide your women, when the soldiers

come to set this man over your island and to punish you! Do you not remember when the governor came before? Is not the mark of his anger burnt upon your hearts?"

Hesitation and suspicion were roused again by this appeal. Phroso seemed bewildered at it, and gazed at her cousin with parted lips. Angry glances were again fixed on me. But the old priest rose, and stretched out his hand for silence.

"Let the man speak for himself," he said. "Let him tell us what he will do if we set him free. It may be that he will give us an oath not to harm us, but to go away peaceably to his own land, and leave us our island. Speak, sir. We will listen."

I was never much of a hand at a speech, and I did not enjoy being faced with the necessity of making one which might have such important results one way or the other. But I was quite clear in my own mind what I wanted to say; so I took a step forward, and began:

"I bear you Neopalians no malice," said I. "You've not succeeded in hurting me, and I suppose you've not caught my friends, or they would be here, prisoners, as I am a prisoner. Now, I have killed two good men of yours—Vlacho there and Spiro. I am content with that. I'll cry you quits. And I have given back the island to the Lady Euphrosyne; and what I give to a woman, aye, or to a man, I do not ask again, either of a governor, or of anybody else. Therefore your island is safe; and I will swear to that by what oath you will. And, so far as I have the power, no man or woman of all who stand around me shall come to any harm by reason of what has been done; and to that also I swear."

They had heard me intently, and they nodded in assent and approbation when the old priest, true to his part of peacemaker, looking round, said:

"He speaks well. He will not do what my lord feared. He will give us an oath. Why should he not depart in peace?"

Phroso's eyes sought mine, and she smiled sadly. Constantine was gnawing his finger-nails, and looking sour as man could look. It went to my heart to go on, for I knew that what I had to say next would give him another chance against me; but I preferred that to the only alternative.

"Wait," said I. "An oath is a sacred thing, and I swore an oath when I was there in the house of the Stefanopouloi. There is a man here who has done murder on an old man, his kinsman, who has contrived murder against a woman, who has foully deceived a lady; with that man I'll not cry quits. For I swore that I would not rest till he paid the penalty of his crimes. By that oath I stand. Therefore, when I go from here, I shall, as Constantine Stefanopoulos has said, go to Rhodes and to the governor; and I shall pray him to send here to Neopalia and take that one man and hang him on the highest tree in the island; and I will come with the governor's men and see that thing done. Then I will go peaceably to my own land."

There was a pause of surprise. Constantine lifted his lids and looked at me; I saw his hand move toward a pocket. I suspected what lay in that pocket. I heard low eager whisperings and questions. At last the old priest asked in a timid hesitating voice:

"Who is this man of whom you speak?"

"There he is," said I. "There—Constantine Stefanopoulos."

The words were hardly out when Demetri clapped a large hairy hand across my mouth, whispering fiercely, "Hold your tongue." I drew back a step, and struck him fairly between the eyes. He went down. A hoarse cry rose from the crowd, but in an instant Kortes had leapt from where he stood behind Phroso and was by my side. I had some adherents also among the bystanders, for I had been bidden to speak freely, and Demetri had no authority to silence me.

"Yes, Constantine Stefanopoulos," I cried. "Did he not stab the old man after he had yielded? Did he not—"

"The old man sold the island," growled a dozen low, fierce voices, but the priest's rose high above them.

"We are not here to judge my Lord Constantine," said he, "but this man here."

"We all had a hand in the business of the old man," said Demetri, who had picked himself up, and was looking very vicious.

"You lie, and you know it," said I hotly. "He had yielded, and the rest had left off attacking him. But Constantine stabbed him. Why did he stab him?"

There came no answer, and Constantine caught at this advantage.

"Yes," he cried. "Why? Why should I stab him? He was stabbed by some one who did not know that he had

yielded." Then I saw his eye fall suddenly on Vlacho. Dead men tell no tales and deny no accusations.

"Since Vlacho is dead," Constantine went on, with wonderful readiness, "my tongue is loosed. It was Vlacho who in his hasty zeal stabbed the old man."

He had gained a point by this clever lie, and he made haste to press it to the full against me.

"This man," he exclaimed, "will go to Rhodes and denounce me! But did I kill the old man alone? Did I besiege the Englishmen alone? Will the governor be content with one victim? Is it not one head in ten when he comes to punish? Men of the island, it is your lives and my life against this man's life!"

They were with him again, and many shouted:

"Let him die, let him die!"

Then suddenly, before I could speak, Phroso rose and, stretching out her hands towards me, said:

"Promise what they ask, my lord. Save your own life, my lord. If my cousin be guilty, heaven will punish him."

But I did not listen even to her. With a sudden leap I was free from those who held me; for in the ranks of listening women I saw that old woman whom we had found watching by the dying lord of the island. I seized her by the wrist, and dragged her into the middle, crying to her:

"As God's above you, tell the truth! Who stabbed the old lord? Whose name did he utter in reproach when he lay dying?"

She stood shivering and trembling in the middle of the throng. The surprise of my sudden action held them all silent and motionless.

"Did he not say 'Constantine! You Constantine!'" I asked, "just before he died?"

The old woman's lips moved, but no sound came. She was half dead with fear, and fastened fascinated eyes on Constantine. He surveyed her with a rigid smile on his pale face.

"Speak the truth, woman," I cried. "Speak the truth."

"Yes; speak the truth," said Constantine, his eyes gleaming in triumph as he turned a glance of hatred on me. "Tell us truly who killed my uncle."

My witness failed me. The terror of Constantine, which had sealed her lips when I questioned her at the house, lay upon her still; the single word that came from her trembling lips was "Vlacho." Constantine gave a cry of triumph, Demetri a wild shout; the islanders drew together; my chance looked black. But I made another effort.

"Swear her on the sacred picture," I cried. "Swear her on the picture; if she swears by the picture, and then says it was Vlacho, I am content to die as a false accuser."

My bold challenge won me a respite; it appealed to their rude sense of justice and their strong leaven of superstition.

"Yes, let her swear on the sacred picture," cried several. "Then we shall know."

The priest brought the picture to her, and swore her on it with great solemnity. She shook her head feebly, and fell to choked weeping. But the men round her were resolute, one of them menacing even Constantine himself when he began to ask whether her first testimony were not enough.

"Now you are sworn, speak," said the priest, solemnly.

A hush fell on us all. If she answered "Constantine," my life still hung by a thread; but by saying "Vlacho" she would cut the thread. She looked at me, at Constantine, then up to the sky, while her lips moved in rapid whispered prayers.

"Speak," said the priest to her gently.

Then she spoke in low fearful tones:

"Vlacho was there, and his knife was ready. But my lord yielded, and cried that he would not sell the island. And when they heard that they all drew back, and Vlacho with the rest. But my Lord Constantine struck; and when my lord lay dying it was the name of Constantine that he uttered in reproach." And the old woman reeled, and would have fallen, and then flung herself on the ground at Constantine's feet, crying: "Pardon, my lord, pardon. I could not swear falsely on the picture. Ah, my lord, mercy, mercy!"

But Constantine, though he had, as I do not doubt, a good memory for offences, could not afford to think of the old woman now. One instant he sat still; then he sprang to his feet, crying:

"Let my friends come round me. Yes, if you will, I killed the old man. Was not the deed done? Was not the island sold? Was not he bound to this man here? The half of the money had been paid! If he had lived, and if this man had lived, they would have brought soldiers and constrained us. So I slew him; and therefore I have sought to kill the stranger also. Who blames me? If there be any, let him

stand by the stranger, and let my friends stand by me. Have we not had enough talk? Is it not time to act? Who loves Neopalia? Who loves me?"

While he spoke many had been gathering round him. With every fresh appeal more flocked to him. There were but three or four left now, wavering between him and me, and Kortes alone stood by my side.

"Are you children that you shrink from me because I struck a blow for our country? Was the old man to escape and live to help this man to take our island? Yes, I, Constantine Stefanopoulos, though I was blood of his blood, I killed him. Who blames me? Shall we not finish the work? There the stranger stands! Men of the island, shall we not finish the work?"

"Well, it's come at last," thought I to myself. And I said to Kortes: "It's no use. Don't get yourself into trouble." Then I folded my arms and waited. But I do not mean to say that I did not turn a little pale. Perhaps I did. At any rate I contrived to show no fear, except in that.

The islanders looked at one another and then at Constantine. Friend Constantine had been ready with his stirring words, but he did not rush first to the attack. Besides myself there was Kortes, who had not left his place beside me in spite of my invitation to him. And Kortes looked as though he could give an account of one or two. But the hesitation among Constantine's followers did not last long. Demetri was no coward, at all events, although he was as big a scoundrel as I have known. He carried a great sword that he must have got from the collection on the walls of the hall, and he brandished it now over his head, and rushed straight at me. It seemed to be all over, and I thought that the best I could do was to take it quietly; so I stood still. But on a sudden I was pulled back by a powerful arm. Kortes flung me behind him, and stood between me and Demetri's rush. An instant later ten or more of them were round Kortes. He struck at them, but they dodged him. One cried, "Don't hurt Kortes;" and another, running agilely round, caught his arms from behind, and, all gathering round him, they wrested his weapons from him. My last champion was disarmed; he had but protracted the bitterness of death for me by his gallant attempt. I fixed my eyes steadily on the horizon and waited. The time of my waiting must have been infinitesimal, yet I seemed to wait some little while. Then Demetri's great sword flashed suddenly between me and the sky. But it did not fall. Another flash came, the flash of white, darting across between me and the grim figure of my assailant. And Phroso, pale, breathless, trembling in every limb, yet holding her head bravely, and with anger gleaming in her dark eyes, said:

"If you kill him you must kill me. I will not live if he dies."

Even Demetri paused; the rest gave back. I saw Constantine's hatchet-face peering in gloomy wrath and trembling excitement from behind the protecting backs of his stout adherents. But Demetri, holding his sword poised for the stroke, growled angrily:

"What is his life to you, lady?"

Phroso drew herself up. Her face was away from me; but as she spoke I saw a sudden flush of red spread over her neck; yet she spoke steadily and boldly, in a voice that all could hear: "His life is my life. For I love him as I love my life—ah, and God knows, more, more, more!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST CARD.

In most families, at least among those that have any recorded history to boast of or to deplore, there is a point of family pride. With one it is grace of manner, with another courage, with a third statecraft, with a fourth chivalrous loyalty to a lost cause or a fallen prince. Tradition adds new sanction to the cherished excellence. It becomes the heirloom of the house, the mark of the race; in the end, maybe, a superstition before which greater things go down. If the men cling to it they are compensated by license in other matters; the women are held in honor if they bear sons who do not fail in it. It becomes a new god, with its worship and its altar; and often the altar is laden with costly sacrifices. Wisdom has little part in the cult, and the virtues that are not hallowed by hereditary recognition are apt to go unhonored and unpractised. I have heard it said, and seen it written, that we Wheatleys have, as a stock, few merits and many faults. I do not expect my career—if, indeed, I had such an ambitious thing as a career in my life's wallet—to reverse that verdict. But no man has said or written of us that we do not keep faith. Here is our pride and

palladium. Promises we neither break nor ask back. We make them sometimes lightly; it is no matter; substance, happiness, life itself, must be spent in keeping them. I had learned this at my mother's knee. I had myself seen thousands and thousands poured forth to a rascally friend on the strength of a schoolboy pledge which my father made. "Folly, folly!" cried the world. Whether it were right or not, who knows? We wrapped ourselves in the scanty mantle of our one virtue, and went our way. We always—but a man grows tedious when he talks of his ancestors. He is like a doting old fellow, garrulous about his lusty youth. Enough of it. Yet not more than enough; for I carried this religion of mine to Neopalia, and built there an altar to it, and laid on the altar the rarest sacrifice. Was I wrong? I do not care to ask.

"My life is his life. For I love him as my life." The words rang in my ears, seeming to echo again through the silence that followed them; and they were answered in my heart by beats of leaping blood. "Was it true?" flashed through my brain. Was it truth or stratagem, a noble falsehood or a more splendid boldness? I did not know. The words were strange, yet to me they were not incredible. Had we not lived through ages together in those brief full hours in the old gray house? And the parting in the quiet evening had united while it feigned to sever. I believe I shut my eyes, not to see the slender, stately form that stood between death and me. When I looked again, Demetri and his angry comrades had fallen back, and stood staring in awkward bewilderment; but the women had crowded in upon us, with eager excited faces. One broad-browed, kindly creature had run to Phroso, and caught her round the waist, and was looking in her eyes, and stroking her hand, and murmuring soft woman's comforting. Demetri took a step forward.

"Come if you dare!" cried the woman, bold as a legion of men. "Is a dog like you to come near my Lady Euphrosyne?" And Phroso turned her face away from the men and hid it in the woman's bosom.

Then came a cold rasping voice, charged with a bitter anger that masqueraded as amusement.

"What is this comedy, cousin?" asked Constantine. "You love this man! You, the lady of the island—you, who have pledged your troth to me?" He turned to the people, spreading out his hands. "You all know," said he, "you all know that we are plighted to one another."

A murmuring assent greeted his words. "Yes, they are betrothed," I heard half a dozen mutter, as they directed curious glances at Phroso. "Yes, in the old lord's life they were betrothed."

Then I thought it time for me to take a hand in the game; so I stepped forward, in spite of Kortes's restraining arm.

"Be careful," he whispered. "Be careful."

I looked at him. His face was drawn and pale, like the face of a man in pain, but he smiled still in his friendly open fashion.

"I must speak," I said; and I walked up to within two yards of Constantine, the islanders giving way before me; then I said loudly and distinctly:

"Was that same betrothal before you married your wife or afterwards?"

He sprang half way up from his seat, as if to leap on me; but he sank back again, his face convulsed with passion, and his fingers picking furiously at the turf by his side. "His wife!" went round the ring in amazed whisperings.

"Yes, his wife," said I. "The wife who was with him when I saw him in my country; the wife who came with him here; who was in the cottage on the hill; whom Vlacho would have dragged by force to her death; who lay last night yonder in the guardhouse. Where is she, Constantine Stefanopoulos? Or is she dead now, and you free to wed the Lady Euphrosyne? Is she alive, or has she by now learnt the secret of the Stefanopouloi?"

I do not know which made more stir among the people, my talk of his wife or my hint about the secret. They crowded round me, hemming me in. I saw Phroso no more; but Kortes pushed his way to my side. Then the eyes of all turned on Constantine, where he sat with face working and nails fiercely plucking the turf.

"What is this lie?" he cried. "I know nothing of a wife. Yes, there was a woman in the cottage."

"Aye, there was a woman in the cottage," said Kortes. "And she was in the guardhouse, but I did not know who she was, and I had no commands concerning her. This morning she was gone."

"That woman is his wife," said I. "But he and Vlacho had planned to kill her, in order that he might marry your lady and have your island for himself."

Demetri suddenly cried, with a great appearance of horror and disgust:

"Shall he live to speak such slanders against my lord?"

But Demetri gained no attention. I had made too much impression.

"Who was the woman, then?" said I. "And where is she?"

Constantine, tricky and resourceful, looked again on the dead Vlacho.

"I may not tell my friend's secrets," said he with an admirable assumption of honor. "And a foul blow has sealed Vlacho's lips."

"Yes," cried I, "Vlacho killed the old lord, and Vlacho brought the woman! Indeed Vlacho serves my lord as well dead as when he lived! For now his lips are sealed. Come then—Vlacho bought the island, and Vlacho slew Spiro, and now Vlacho has slain himself. Neither Constantine nor I have done anything, but it is all Vlacho, the useful Vlacho, Vlacho, Vlacho!"

Constantine's face was a sight to see, and he looked no pleasanter when my irony wrung smiles from some of the men round him, while others bit their lips to stop smiles that sought to come.

"O faithful servant!" I cried, apostrophizing Vlacho. "Heavy are thy sins! Mayst thou find mercy for them!"

I did not know what cards Constantine held. If he had succeeded in spiriting away his wife by fair means or foul, he had still the better chance; but if she were still free, alive and free, then he played a perilous game, and was liable to be utterly confounded. Yet he was forced to action. I had so moved the people that they looked for more than mere protests from him.

"The stranger who came to steal our island," said he, skilfully prejudicing me by this description, "asks me where the woman is. But I ask it of him—where is she? For it stands with him to put her before you, that she may tell you whether I, Constantine Stefanopoulos, am lying to you. Yet how long is it since you doubted the word of the Stefanopouloi, and believed strangers rather than them?"

His appeal won on them. They met it with murmured applause.

"You know me, you know my family," he cried. "Yet you hearken to the desperate words of a man who fights for his life with lies! How shall I satisfy you? For I have not the woman in my keeping. But have you not heard me when I swore my love for my cousin before you and the old lord who is dead? Am I a man to be forsworn? Shall I swear to you now?"

The current began to run strongly with him. He had called to his aid patriotism, and the old clan loyalty that bound the Neopalians to his house, and they did not fail him. The islanders were ready to trust him if he would pledge himself to them.

"Swear, then," they cried. "Swear to us on the sacred picture that what the stranger says is a lie."

"On the sacred picture?" said he. "Is it not too great and holy an oath for such a matter? Is not my word enough for you?"

But the old priest stepped forward.

"It is a great matter," said he, "for it touches closely the honor of your house, my lord, and on it hangs the man's life. Is any oath too great when honor and life lie in the balance? Let your life stand against his, for he who swears thus and falsely has no long life in Neopalia; here we guard the honor of St. Tryphon."

"Yes, swear on the picture," cried the people. "It is enough if you swear on the picture!"

I could see that Constantine was not in love with the suggestion, but he accepted it with tolerable grace, acquiescing in the old priest's argument with a half-disdainful shrug. The people greeted his consent with obvious pleasure, save only Demetri, who regarded him with a doubtful expression. Demetri knew the truth, and though he would cut a throat with a light heart, he would shrink from a denial of the deed when sworn on the holy picture. Truly conscience works sometimes in strange ways, making the lesser sin the greater, and dwarfing vile crimes to magnify their venial brethren. No, Demetri would not have sworn on the picture; and when he saw it brought to Constantine he shrank away from his leader, and I saw him privily and furtively cross himself. But Constantine, freed by the scepticism he had learnt in the West to practise the crimes the East had taught him, made little trouble about it, and when the ceremonies that had attended the old woman's oath earlier in the day had been minutely, solemnly, and tediously repeated, he swore as bravely as you please before them, and thereby bid fare to write my death warrant in his lying words. For when the oath was done, the most awful names in heaven standing witness to his perjury, and he ceased, saying, "I have sworn," the eyes of the men round him turned on me again, and seemed to ask me silently what plea for mercy I could now advance. But I caught at my chance.

"Let Demetri swear," said I coolly, "that so far as his knowledge goes the truth is no other than what the Lord Constantine has sworn."

"A subterfuge!" cried Constantine impatiently. "What should Demetri know of it?"

"If he knows nothing, it is easy for him to swear," said I. "Men of the island, a man should have every chance for his life. I have given you back your island. Do this for me. Make Demetri swear. Ah, look at the man! See, he shakes, his face grows pale, there is a sweat on his brow. Why, why? Make him swear!"

I should not have prevailed without the assisting evidence of the villain's face. It was as I said: he grew pale, and sweated on the forehead; he cleared his throat hoarsely, but did not speak. Constantine's eyes said, "Swear, fool, swear!"

"Let Demetri also swear," cried some.

"Yes, it is easy, if he knows nothing."

Suddenly Phroso sprang forward.

"Yes, let him swear," she cried. "Who is chief here? Have I no power? Let him swear!" And she signed imperiously to the priest.

They brought the picture to Demetri. He shrank from it as though its touch would kill him.

"In the name of Almighty God, as you hope for mercy; in the name of our Lord the Saviour, as you pray for pity; in the name of the Most Blessed Spirit whose word is truth; by the Most Holy Virgin; and by our Holy Saint," began the old man. But Demetri cried hoarsely:

"Take it away; take it away! I will not swear."

"Let him swear," said Phroso; and this time the whole throng caught up her command, and echoed it in fierce insistence.

"Let him swear to tell the whole truth of what he knows, hiding nothing, according to the terms of the oath," said the priest, pursuing his ritual.

"He shall not swear," cried Constantine, springing up. But he spoke to deaf ears, and won only looks of new-born suspicion.

"It is the custom of the island," they growled. "It has been done in Neopalia time out of mind."

"Yes," said the priest, "time out of mind has a man been free to ask this oath of whomsoever he suspected. Swear, Demetri, as our lady and our law bid." And he ended the words of the oath.

Demetri looked round, to right, to left, and to right again. He sought escape. There was none. His way was barred. His arms fell by his side.

"Will you let me go unharmed if I speak the truth?" he asked, sullenly.

"Yes," answered Phroso, "if you speak the whole truth, you shall go unhurt."

The excitement was intense now, for Demetri took the oath, Constantine watching with pale, strained face. Then followed a moment's utter silence, broken an instant later by an irresistible outbreak of wondering cries, for Demetri said, "Follow me," and turned and began to walk in the direction of the town. "Follow me," he said again. "I will tell the truth. I have served my lord well, but a man's soul is his own. No master buys a man's soul. I will tell the truth."

The change in feeling was witnessed by what happened. At a sign from the priest, Kortes and another each took one of Constantine's arms and raised him. He was trembling now, and hardly able to set one foot before the other. The dogs of justice were hard on his heels, and he was a craven at heart. Thus, bearing him with us, in procession we followed Demetri from the place of assembly back to the steep narrow street that ran up from the sea. On the way none spoke; but in the middle I walked, and in front of me went Phroso, the woman who had come to comfort her still holding her arm in hers.

On Demetri led us with quick, decisive steps; but when he came to the door of the inn which had belonged to that Vlacho whose body lay now deserted on the level grass by the seashore, he halted abruptly, then turned and entered the inn. We followed, Constantine's supporters bringing him also with us. We passed through the large lower room and out of the house again, into an enclosed yard bounded on the seaward side by a low stone wall, toward which the ground sloped rapidly. But here Demetri stopped.

"By my oath," said he, "and as God hears me, I knew not who this woman was; but last night Vlacho bade me come with him to the cottage on the hill, and, if he called me, I was to come and help him to carry her to the house of my Lord Constantine. He called, and I, coming with Kortes, found Vlacho dead. And Kortes would not suffer me to touch the lady, but bade me stay with Vlacho. But when Kortes was gone and Vlacho dead, I ran and told my lord what had happened. And my lord was greatly disturbed, and bade me come with him, and we came together

to the town, and passed together by the guardhouse."

"Lies, foul lies!" cried Constantine; but they bade him be quiet, and Demetri continued in a composed voice:

"There Kortes watched, and my lord asked him whom he held prisoner; and when he heard that it was the Englishman, he sought to prevail on Kortes to deliver him up; but Kortes would not without the command of the Lady Euphrosyne. Then my lord said: 'And have you no other prisoner, Kortes?' Kortes answered: 'There is a woman here whom we found in the cottage; but you gave me no orders concerning her, my lord, neither you, nor the lady of the island.' 'I care nothing about her,' said my lord, with a shrug of his shoulders, and he and I turned away, and walked some paces down the street. Then, at my lord's bidding, I crouched down with him in the shadow of a house and waited. Presently, when the clock had struck two o'clock, we saw Kortes come out from the guardhouse, and the woman was with him. Now, we were but fifty feet from them, and the wind was blowing from them to us, and I heard what the lady said."

"It happened as he says," interrupted Kortes in a grave tone. "I promised secrecy, but I will speak now."

"'I must go to the Lady Euphrosyne,' said she to Kortes," continued Demetri; "'I have something to say to her.' Kortes answered: 'She is lodging at the house of the priest. It is the tenth house on the left hand as you mount the hill.' She thanked him, and he turned back into the guardhouse, and we saw no more of him. But the lady came slowly and fearfully up the road, and my lord beside me laughed gently, and twisted a silk scarf in his hand; there was nobody in the street, except my lord and the lady and me. And as she went by, my lord sprang out on her, and twisted the scarf across her mouth before she could cry out. Then he and I lifted her and carried her swiftly down the street, and we came here to Vlacho's inn; the door was open, for Vlacho had gone out, and it had not yet become known that he would never return. We carried her swiftly through the house, and brought her where we stand now, and laid her on the ground; my lord tied her hands and feet so that she lay still, and her mouth was already gagged. Then my lord drew me aside, and took five pieces of gold from his purse and said, looking into my eyes, 'Is it enough?' I understood, and said, 'It is enough, my lord,' and he pressed my hand and left me, without going again near the woman. And I, having put the five pieces in my purse, drew my knife from its sheath, and came and stood over the woman, looking how I might best strike the blow. She was gagged and tied, and lay motionless. But the night was bright, and I saw her eyes fixed on mine. There I stood long by her, with my knife in my hands, and then I knelt down by her to strike. But her eyes burnt into my heart, and suddenly I seemed to hear Satan by my side chuckling and whispering, 'Strike, Demetri, strike! Art thou not damned already? Strike!' And I did not dare to look to the right or the left, for I felt the fiend by me. So I shut my eyes and grasped my knife, but the lady's eyes drew mine open again, although I struggled to keep them shut. Now many devils seemed to be round me, and they were gleeful, saying, 'Oh, he is ours! Yes, Demetri is ours! He will do this thing, and then surely he is ours!' Suddenly I sobbed, and when my sob came, a gleam lighted the lady's eyes, and her eyes looked like the eyes of the Blessed Virgin in the church, and I could not strike her. I flung down my knife, and fell to sobbing. And as I sobbed, the noise of the devils ceased, and I seemed to hear, instead, a voice from above that said to me very softly: 'Have I died to keep thy soul alive and thou thyself wouldst kill it, Demetri?' I know not if any one spoke, but the night was very still, and I was afraid, and I cried low, 'Alas, I am a sinner.' But the voice said, 'Sin no more.' And the eyes of the lady implored me. But then they closed, and I saw that she had fainted. I raised her gently in my arms, and carried her gently across this piece of ground where we stand."

He ended, and stood for a moment silent and motionless; none of us spoke. "And I took her," said he, "there where the wall ends; for I knew that Vlacho had his larder there. Now the door of the larder was locked, but I set the lady down, and returned and took my knife from the ground, and I forced the lock, and took her in and laid her on the floor of the larder. Then I returned to the house, and called to Panayiota, Vlacho's daughter, with whom I was acquainted. When she came I charged her to watch the lady till I came again, saying that Vlacho had bidden me bring her here. For I meant to return in a few hours and carry the lady to some place of safety, if I could find one. And Panayiota, fearing Vlacho, and having an

affection for me, promised faithfully to keep the lady safe. Then I ran after my lord, and found him at the house, and told him that the deed was done, and that I had hidden the body here; and I craved leave to return and make a grave for the body, or carry it to the sea. But he said 'It will be soon enough in the evening. We shall be quit of troubles by the evening. Does any one know?' And I answered rashly, 'Panayiota knows.' Then he was enraged, fearing Panayiota would betray us. But when he heard that she and I were lovers he was appeased; yet I could not find means to leave and return to the lady."

Demetri ended. Phroso, without a look at any one of us, stepped lightly to the spot he had described. There was a low hut there, with a stout wooden door. Phroso knocked on it, but there came no answer. She beckoned to Kortes, and he, coming, wrenched open the door, which seemed to have been fastened by some makeshift arrangement. Kortes disappeared for an instant; then he came out again, and motioned with his hand. We crowded round the door, I among the first. And there, indeed, was a strange sight. For on the floor, propped against the side of the hut, sat a buxom girl; her eyes were closed, her mouth open, and she breathed in heavy regular breaths. Panayiota had watched faithfully all night, and now slept at her post. Yet her trust was not betrayed; on her lap rested the head of the lady whom Demetri had not found it in his heart to kill; the bonds with which she had been bound lay on the floor by her; and she also, pale and with shadowed rings about her eyes, slept the sleep of utter exhaustion and weariness. We stood looking at the strange sight, a sudden gleam of peace and homely kindliness breaking across the dark cloud of angry passions.

"Hush!" said Phroso, very softly. She stepped forward and fell on her knees by the sleeping woman, and she lightly kissed Constantine's wife on the brow. "Praise be to God!" said Phroso softly, and kissed her again.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY NOTES.

W. E. H. LECKY.
From a copyrighted photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY cannot be called an old man—he is but fifty-eight—but he has in his life done so large an amount of scholarly research and embodied it in works of such ripe views, that, particularly to the younger generation, he seems like one of the patriarchs of modern scholarship. Then, his recent entry into public life gives "Democracy and Liberty," his last book, special importance. Born in sight of Dublin University, and educated there, he has remained a member of the institution, contributing to its reputation by his works. Last year, however, his university asked a new service of him. Like all the universities of Great Britain, Dublin has a representative in Parliament. Hitherto the Dublin member has usually been a lawyer, but at the last election, December, 1895, Mr. Lecky was returned.

Mr. Lecky's province in Parliament is plain from "Democracy and Liberty;" he stands for experience. It is his business, when legislators attempt an experiment which other generations have repeatedly tried, to call in the past. If Dublin University has returned a representative who will show as conclusively in practice that history has a political value as he shows it in "Democracy and Liberty," then Mr. Lecky will have done his generation another great benefit—he will have shown it how to give the long-needed perspective to political discussion.

MR. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER has just published, through Messrs. Macmillan & Co., a faithful account of his journey of two or three years ago through "jungle and desert" into one of the most difficult and dangerous parts of Africa. A two years' turn at African exploration achieved and described by a fit man, which Mr. Chanler preëminently is, cannot well lack interest. But quite as engaging to one's fancy as the adventures set forth, is the fact that a young man born to the choice of a life of ease and leisure, should willingly resign it in favor of an enterprise entailing the severest labors possible to mind and body, and even the daily hazard of life itself.

WM. ASTOR CHANLER.
By permission of Macmillan & Co.

This was Mr. Chanler's second expedition into the heart of Africa. He prepared for it with the greatest care and from full knowledge of his needs; and he had the coöperation and companionship of Lieutenant Von Höhnel, of the Austrian navy, who had also had experience in African travel. Guides and porters deserted; and many times Mr. Chanler and his company were in full view of death from thirst, hunger, fever, native arrows, and wild beasts. Yet they seem to have reached the points they aimed at, and accomplished the ends they had in view, with speed and precision. Mr. Chanler even came off safely, and succeeded in getting his game,

when five maddened elephants charged him as he stood alone with an empty rifle. A plucky little fox-terrier turned the herd back by his barks and bites, and then Mr. Chanler, securing another rifle, brought down the hindmost.

THOMAS HARDY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

IN the new edition of Mr. Hardy's novels now publishing by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, a good, clear map of "Wessex," showing Casterbridge, Egdon Heath, Blackmoor Vale, and all the familiar points of interest just as they lie, is inserted in each volume. It was easy to make such a map, for while the name of "Wessex" is no longer known to the official geographers, the region for which it stands is not at all of Mr. Hardy's creation, but is altogether actual. Indeed, it is the sense that it is actual, imparted by Mr. Hardy's faithful observation, that makes the reader want to see it definitely set forth on a map.

In addition to the map there are one or two other features that give this new edition of Mr. Hardy's works a particular value. Each volume has an etched frontispiece illustrating some scene in the story, and the author has added a special prefatory note. The prefatory note is usually brief, but it is infallibly illuminating, and imparts a new interest to the story.

THE new volume in the American Men of Letters Series is a biography that has all the charm of a good novel. It sets forth in picturesque style, and at times with dramatic effect, the development of an interesting and noble character, from ardent, strenuous youth to high-spirited, indefatigable, and useful middle age.

Bayard Taylor was not one of our greatest writers, but he was a man of great vigor of mind and body, a worker of unequalled capacity, a master of many tongues, and a singer of rare spirit and melody. He was aggressive, impetuous, self-sacrificing, an altogether wholesome and lovable man.

He was a poet of real power in at least two languages. His introduction to the translation of "Faust," written in German, and following the form and metre of Goethe's noble prefatory verses, is a wonderful achievement. How genuine a burst of song it was is shown by these words, written to Professor Hart: "It would be impossible for me to translate my own German proem, because it was conceived in German. I could only give the same thought, in English—although *my own*—in paler colors."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A STORY which could afford Thackeray "amusement from morning to sunset" in the midst of "ague fits," and make him "remember those ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude," must be a story of pretty strong hold; for Thackeray was rather nice in his reading and not especially fond of fiction. The introduction to Macmillan & Company's new edition of Captain Marryat's "Jacob Faithful" recalls Thackeray's testimony that he found such a story in this. But "Jacob" has steaded whole generations of readers no less securely than he did Thackeray, and he bids fair to hold his charm for generations yet to come. His very name justifies any new edition of him that may issue, and in this one of Macmillan's he secures a presentation clear in type, neatly bound, and in every way worthy of him.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

Marryat had the good fortune to be by nature a man of action as well as a man of letters. Twenty odd years' service in the British navy at a period when ships were still "sailed," instead of operated, and battle was literally an everyday occurrence, supplied him almost whole, out of his own experience, better stories than unaided fancy secluded in a study could ever invent. What would the most fertile romancer not pay to be put in command, as Marryat was, of a sloop "Beaver" and set to guard the shores of St. Helena while Napoleon lived a prisoner there? It was this employment that gave Marryat the opportunity to make those quaint drawings of Napoleon's funeral at St. Helena, and the tomb of Napoleon, which our readers will remember as reproduced in the McCLURE'S "Life of Napoleon."

MARY ANDERSON.

From "A Few Memories," by Mary Anderson de Navarro. Copyright, 1896. Published by Harper & Brothers.

MARY ANDERSON (Madame de Navarro) is scarcely less engaging in the volume of autobiography which she has lately published through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, under the modest title "A Few Memories," than when she was playing Perdita in that memorable presentation of "The Winter's Tale" which concluded her dramatic career. She made her *début* under distinguished patronage in the part of Juliet, and she very soon justified the ambitiousness of her beginning. But she encountered harsh criticism and mean jealousy. She even thought at one time of giving up on account of the unkindness of fellow-actors. She was persuaded from this by Edwin Booth. "I also am a fellow-actor," said he; "I have sat through two of your performances from beginning to end—the first time I have done such a thing in years—and I have not only been interested, but impressed and delighted. You have begun well. Continue, and you are sure of success in the end."

WHEN the young men who composed the firm of Stone & Kimball (lately reorganized into two publishing houses) first set their names to title pages as publishers, they were regarded as having taken up publishing as mere dilettantes. This was only a few years ago. Yet these young publishers have clearly improved the material quality of books made for the ordinary trade; and following their lead, other young men have gone into publishing with artistic as well as commercial aims, until now there is quite a little circle of publishers who study particularly the artistic perfection of their product. For instance, there is the Boston firm of Copeland & Day, with such books as "In the Village of Viger," by Duncan Campbell Scott, and "Meadow-grass," by Alice Brown. Then there are Way & Williams, of Chicago, one of whose most attractive issues is Elia W. Peattie's "A Mountain Woman;" and Lamson, Wolffe & Company, who have made of Mr. Charles F. Lummis's "The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú" a most beautiful little volume.